Two Days and a Wakeup on

KURMANBEK AVENUE

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

WWWG PRODUCTIONS LTD. SINGAPORE - 2025

LONE PALM FERRY CONDOS
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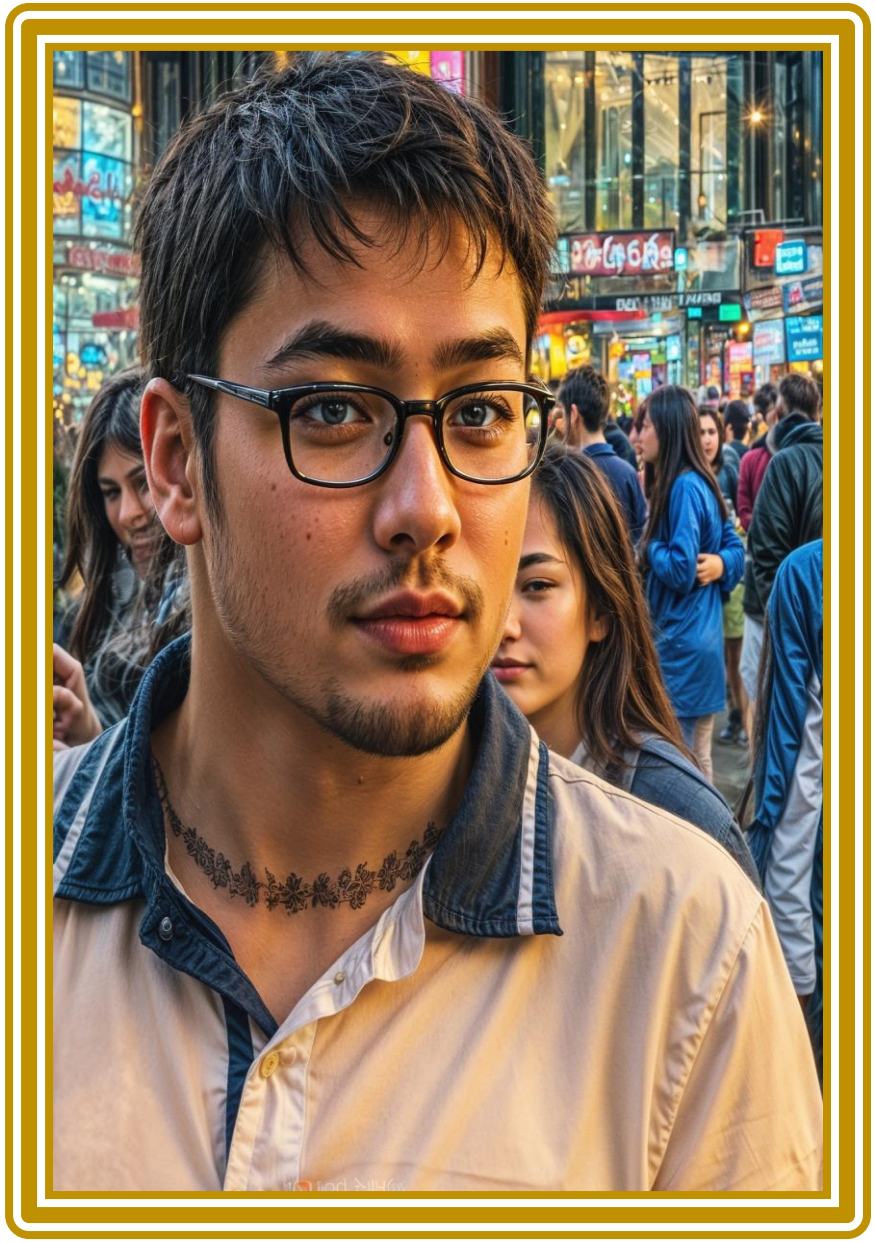
"In these challenging times, it is essential for those with spiritual awareness to navigate their journey with intention and clarity.
You stand on the threshold of significant changes, and the course of these events may very well depend on the elevation of collective consciousness.
Embracing a mindset rooted in appreciation and joy can serve as a powerful tool to help you weather the storms ahead.
It is crucial to cultivate a sense of ecstasy in everyday moments, allowing this positive energy to guide you through uncertainty.
Additionally, while it may seem unconventional, being prepared for

potential challenges—symbolized by the need for carrying a loaded pistol—can provide a sense of security and readiness.
This dual approach of nurturing your spirit while remaining vigilant can empower you to face whatever lies ahead with resilience and grace."

-Big Jimmy Brown

East St. Louis 1978



My long-time friend, Sheddie, recently reconnected with me and introduced me to his acquaintance, a visa arranger and broker.
This individual confidently assured me, *"No problem. I can secure transit papers for anyone."*
His tone was casual, yet there was an unmistakable hint of business acumen in his demeanor.
As he spoke, he glanced at Sheddie, who nodded in agreement, seemingly endorsing the proposed fee for the service.
It was clear that while the promise of assistance was enticing, it came with a price tag that would need careful consideration.
The prospect of obtaining the

necessary documentation was appealing, but I couldn't help but weigh the implications of such an arrangement, especially in a world where the legitimacy of such services can often be murky.

The cost was far from inexpensive, a significant sum that felt almost extravagant given my tight hobo budget, which resembled that of a wandering vagabond.

However, the value of having someone else manage all the details while I took a moment to relax made the financial strain seem justifiable. It was a small price to pay for the peace of mind that came with knowing I could simply unwind, allowing my thoughts to drift as I

prepared for the next chapter of my journey.

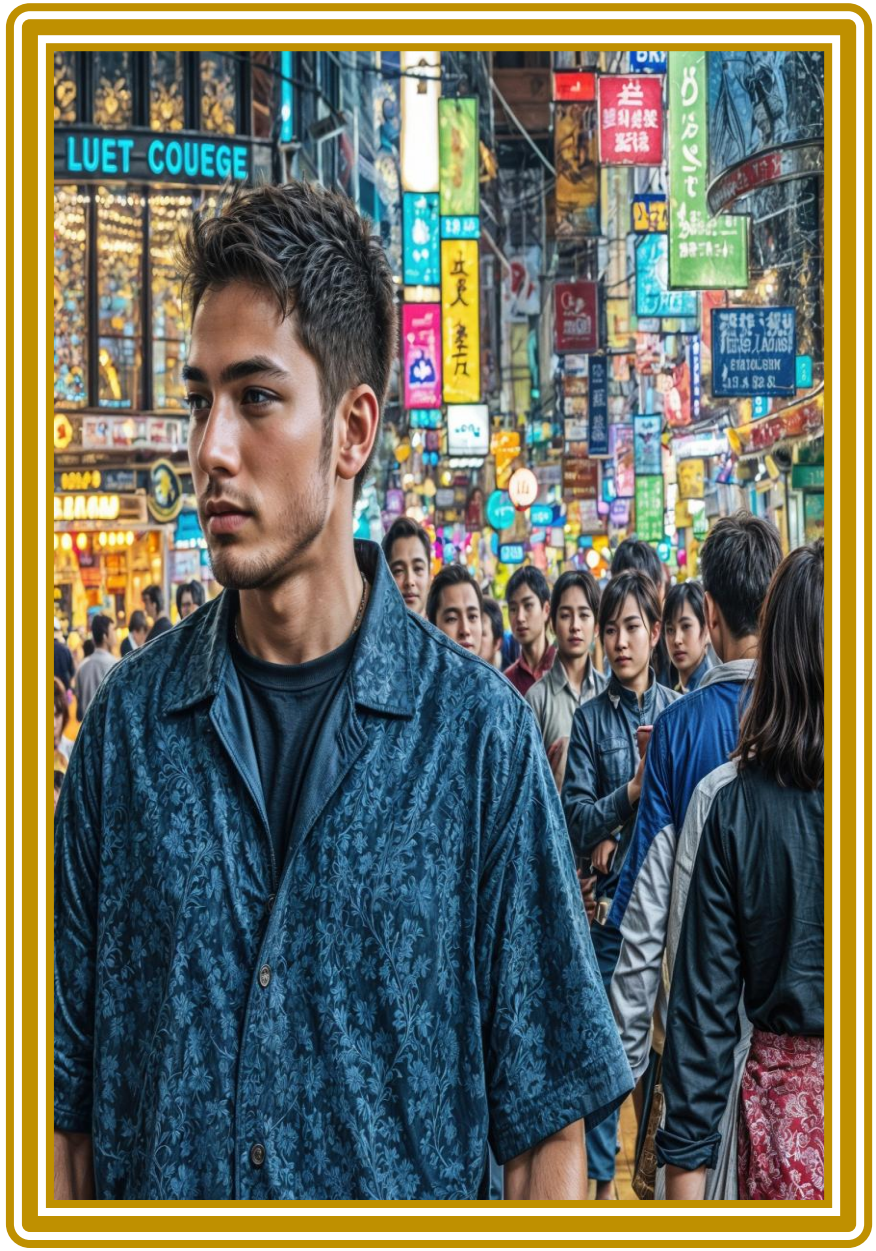
As I strolled back to my modest, Mexican-themed hostel, the sound of coins clinking in my pockets served as a reminder of my dwindling resources, yet it also symbolized the investment I was making in my own comfort and well-being.

The prospect of packing my belongings felt lighter, knowing that I had chosen to prioritize my experience over mere savings.

I couldn't help but exclaim in frustration, *"It's just money, and I have an important appointment to attend!"*

My mind was racing, consumed by the urgency of the situation.

The only thing that mattered now was securing the necessary documents.
I needed to know when they would be ready for me.
Time was of the essence, and I was determined to keep my schedule intact despite the financial hiccup.
The pressing question lingered in the air, demanding an immediate answer as I weighed my options and strategized my next move.
Although the service was marketed as a straightforward, hassle-free solution where you simply pay and receive your desired outcome, the reality was quite different.
Customers quickly discovered that there was an extensive array of



options to choose from, each accompanied by varying timeframes for completion.

The speed and efficiency of the process seemed to hinge not only on the urgency of the request but also significantly on the amount one was prepared to invest.

This layered pricing structure created a sense of complexity that contradicted the initial promise of simplicity, leaving many to question whether the convenience was worth the additional costs.

As I glanced over at Sheddie, he offered a reassuring nod, signaling his agreement with the agent regarding our preliminary understanding.

His expression conveyed confidence, and he took a moment to emphasize that his friend was nothing short of a miracle worker.
Sheddie elaborated on the impressive network his friend had cultivated, particularly within the embassy, suggesting that this connection could prove invaluable for us.
The way he spoke about his friend's capabilities instilled a sense of optimism in me, making it clear that we were in good hands.
With such strong endorsements, I felt a renewed sense of hope about the possibilities that lie ahead.
After carefully examining the price

chart, which was conveniently included in the brochure—a feature that always instills confidence in consumers—
I took a moment to reflect on my financial situation.
After counting my available funds,
I ultimately decided on the two-day option, as it was the only choice within my budget that wouldn't require me to involve Mister “Chucky” Charles, the senior Socialist and Accountant Commissar at WWWG Plantation.
Engaging him in my financial matters was not a route I wanted to take, as it would likely complicate things further and lead to uncomfortable discussions.
Thus, opting for the two-day package felt like the most sensible and manageable decision for me at this time.

The recent, exasperating ordeal I faced while attempting to find the nearest Western Union office is still vivid in my mind, and it has certainly fueled my frustration towards Mister Chucky Cheese, who, as it turns out, neglected to send my advance funds. This oversight is the real culprit behind my current financial struggles, and had I not been so preoccupied with this distressing situation, I might have approached the options presented in the agent's brochure with a more discerning eye.

The urgency of my circumstances clouded my judgment, leading me to make choices that I might have otherwise reconsidered.

It's a stark reminder of how external

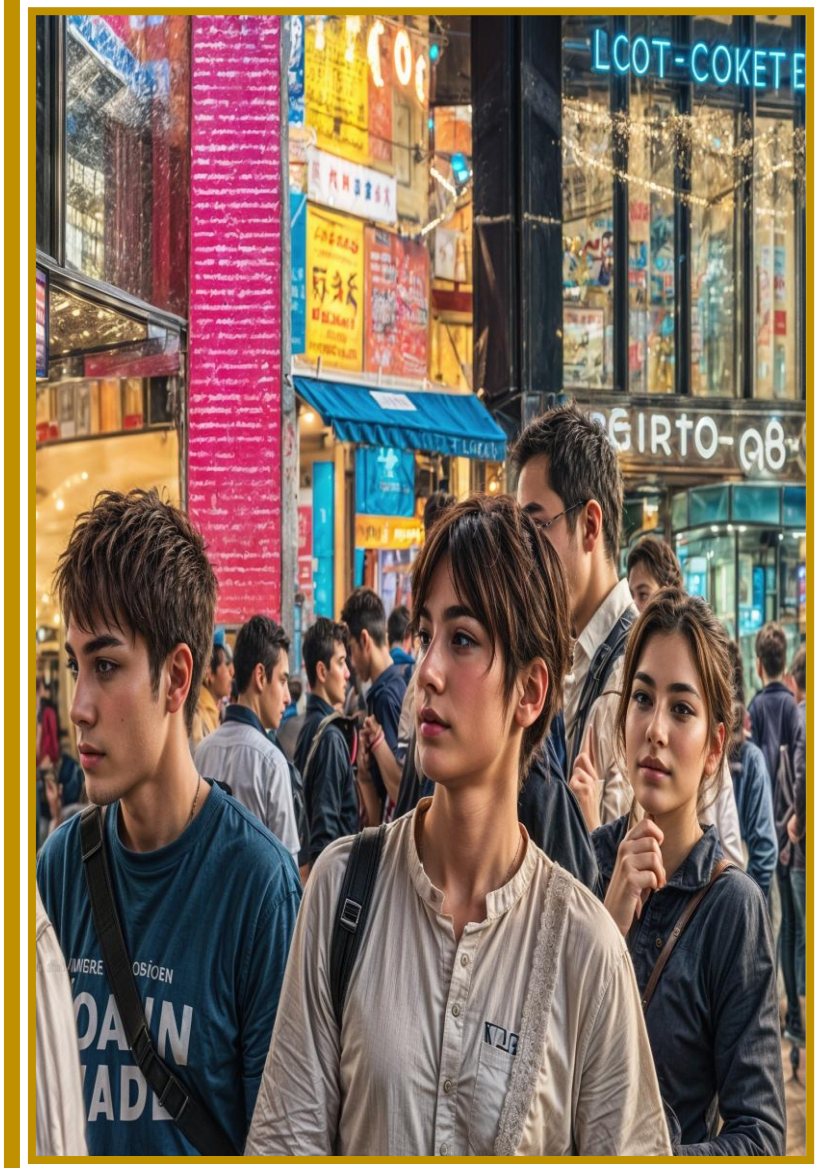
pressures can influence our decision-making processes, often resulting in less-than-ideal outcomes.

It's essential to tread carefully with my words, especially considering the peculiar incident involving Comrade Charles, who found himself unexpectedly towed for several blocks by a fast-moving bicycle taxi while navigating the inner loop of old town Singapore.

Such an occurrence, while seemingly improbable, could indeed transpire on a cold, rainy day as he makes his way to work.

If fate were to deal him a cruel hand, one must ponder who would be inclined to connect such a misfortune back to me.

After all, orchestrating an operation of that magnitude would require significant resources, and it's widely known that he neglected to transfer funds to my Western Union account. Moreover, it's clear that he likely has a multitude of adversaries, each with their own motives, which further dilutes any suspicion that might arise. Nestled in the shadows of the city's more prominent nightlife spots, we found ourselves in the back of a lesser-known disco, a vibrant hub teeming with the eclectic energy of local beatniks and hipsters.
This hidden gem, which I must refrain from naming due to ongoing legal concerns, was alive with the pulsating rhythms of music that echoed off the



walls, creating an atmosphere thick with anticipation and excitement.
The crowd, a colorful tapestry of personalities, mingled and danced, each person contributing to the unique vibe of the night.
Laughter and animated conversations filled the air, as the eclectic mix of art and culture came together in a celebration of the Capital's underground scene.
It was a night that promised adventure, a chance to escape the ordinary and immerse ourselves in the vibrant pulse of the city's creative spirit.
The latest wave of local Beatniks and Hipsters presents a rather amusing spectacle, reminiscent of a theatrical

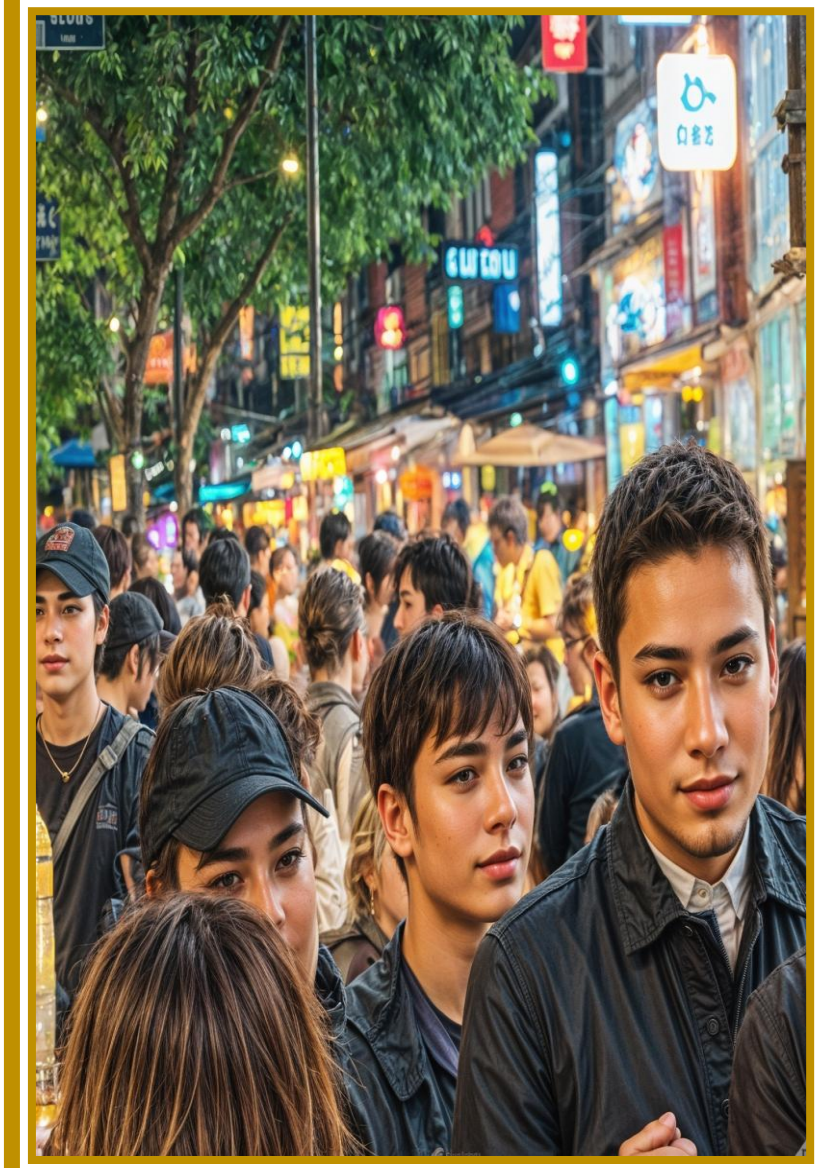
performance where authenticity is overshadowed by artifice.
As I reflect on my own experiences from the late 1950s, wandering through Washington Square and frequenting the eclectic coffee houses that were the heartbeat of the Beatnik Revolution, I can't help but see these modern-day imitators as little more than campy pretenders. They have wholeheartedly embraced the iconic fashion of the original Beatniks, yet their attempts feel more like a costume party than a genuine cultural movement.
In this peculiar disco lounge, the atmosphere is patrolled by vigilant bouncers, acting as fashion police, while patrons clad in identical black

attire and adorned with French foreign legion berets engage in a curious mix of local dialect and broken English.

Their proclamations echo a nihilistic mantra: the past belongs to the squares and dandy bow-tie wearers, who are now mere relics courted by the technocrats of Kurmanbek Avenue and their cadre of inebriated old-timers, still marching to the rhythm of Dubai's own version of Tin Pan Alley.

In their fervor, they insist that we must seize the present moment with reckless abandon, for tomorrow is a concept that no longer exists—an urgent call to action on this eve of destruction, where the only response

is to duck and cover.
It seemed that we had all moved past the absurdity of the Mayan predictions regarding 2012, yet it appears that some hipsters and beatniks missed the memo entirely.
How frustrating it is to think about those ancient Mayans and their ominous forecasts!
I had spent my entire life eagerly anticipating the grand finale of existence, with a specific date etched in my mind.
We were even in the midst of planning an extravagant “End of the World” party, complete with decorations and a guest list that promised to be unforgettable.
The excitement was palpable, and the



anticipation of witnessing the ultimate conclusion of everything we know was thrilling.

It's almost comical to reflect on how seriously we took those predictions, only to find that some still cling to the idea as if it were a lifeline to a more dramatic reality.

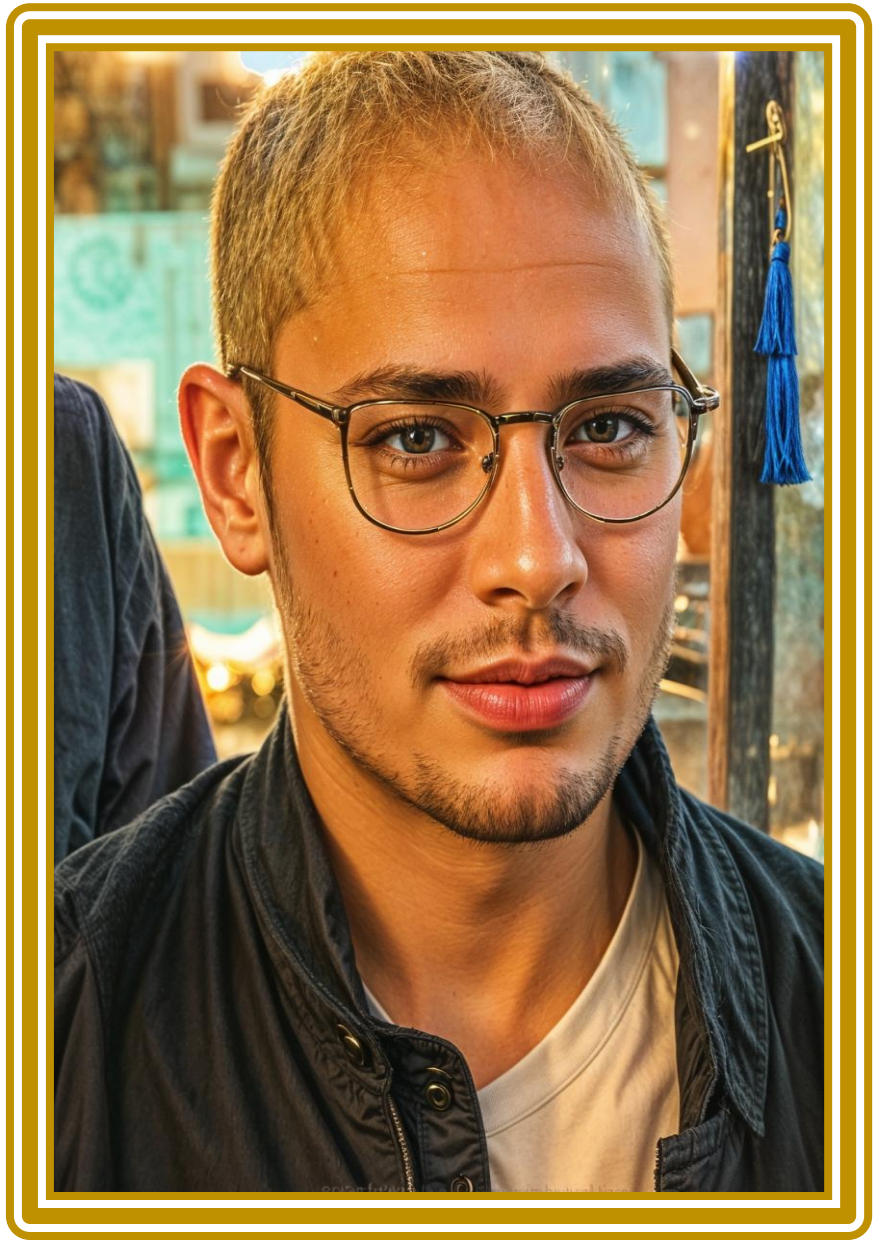
It appears that the organizers of the *"Mayan End of The World"* celebration have descended upon this place in droves, and their promotional efforts are still in full swing. The atmosphere is thick with the scent of cheap vodka, which flows freely, enticing revelers to indulge without restraint.

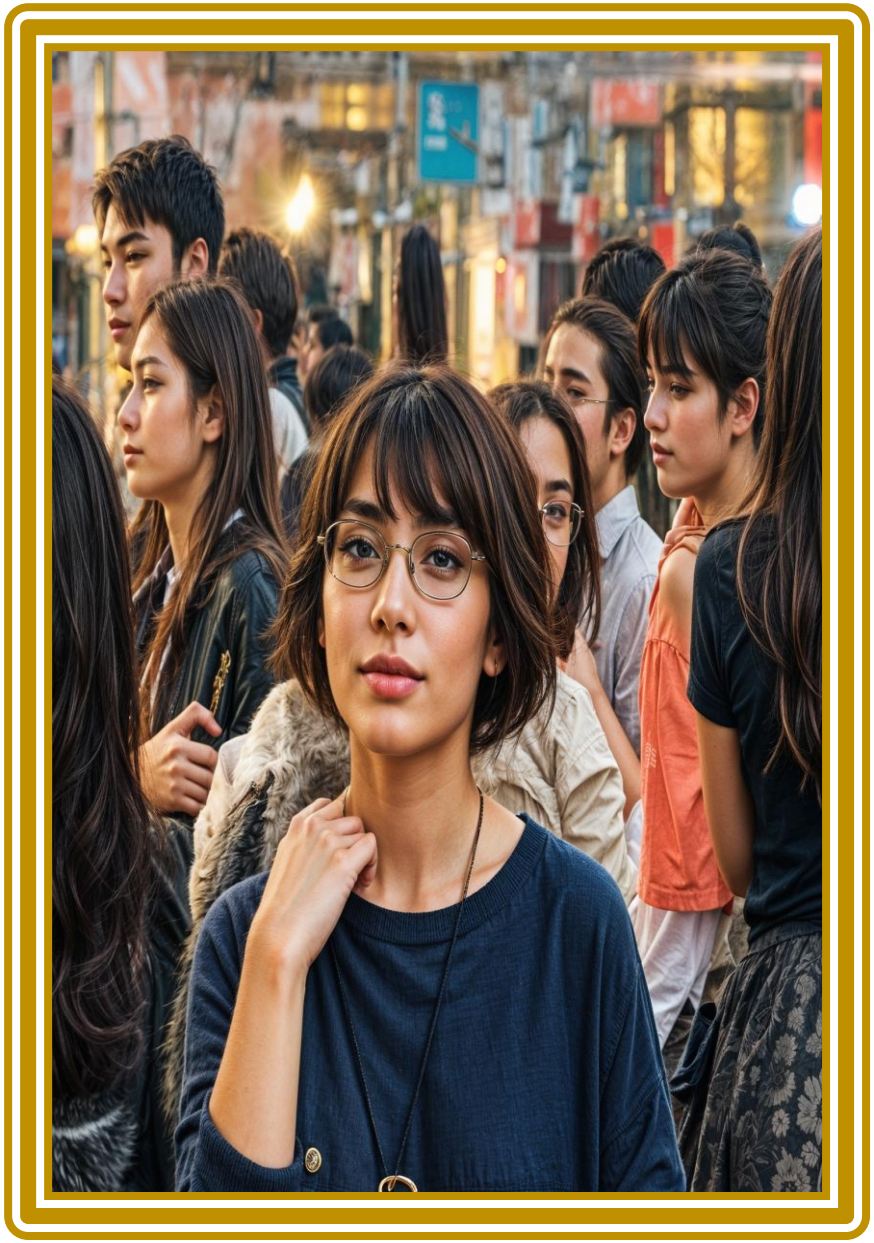
One particularly enthusiastic hipster attempted to articulate his

philosophy in halting English, suggesting that if one never stops drinking, they can avoid the infamous hangover that typically follows a night of consuming dubious concoctions like turpentine mixed with rubbing alcohol, stirred with a rusty spoon. Strangely enough, amidst the chaos and revelry, that was the most coherent and sensible insight I had encountered in nearly a year of wandering.

It's a curious reminder of how, in the midst of absurdity, one can stumble upon unexpected wisdom that resonates deeply, even if it comes wrapped in a veneer of irony.

Two days after our initial conversation, my broker arrived at the





lobby of the El Grande, clutching the paperwork for my Transit Visa.
A wave of anxiety washed over me as I approached him, my heart racing with concern.

"Where is the visa?"

I inquired, my voice tinged with urgency.
I had invested a significant portion of my dwindling life savings into securing a legitimate visa, not merely transit documents that would limit my travel options.
The stakes were high, and the thought of being left with only temporary papers felt like a betrayal of my hopes and plans.
I needed clarity and assurance that

my investment would yield the freedom I sought, not just a fleeting opportunity to pass through.
The key distinction lies in the fact that with a visa, I am afforded the luxury of a full 60 days to remain in the country before I am required to depart.
In contrast, the transit documents merely allow me to pass through the borderlands in route to another destination, leaving me vulnerable to the whims of any overzealous officer who may harbor a grudge against foreigners.
Such individuals might be influenced by the negative stereotypes perpetuated in the bootleg American films that his wife purchases at the

market, films that often depict foreigners in a less-than-flattering light.

This unfortunate reality could lead to a precarious situation where I find myself at the mercy of someone who equates my presence with the very characters he sees on screen, all while grappling with his own frustrations about life and the expectations placed upon him.

It's understandable to feel a deep-seated resentment in such a situation, and I can empathize with the frustration that might lead someone to lash out at an unsuspecting foreigner.

The reality is that individuals in vulnerable positions, like those on a transit visa, can find themselves

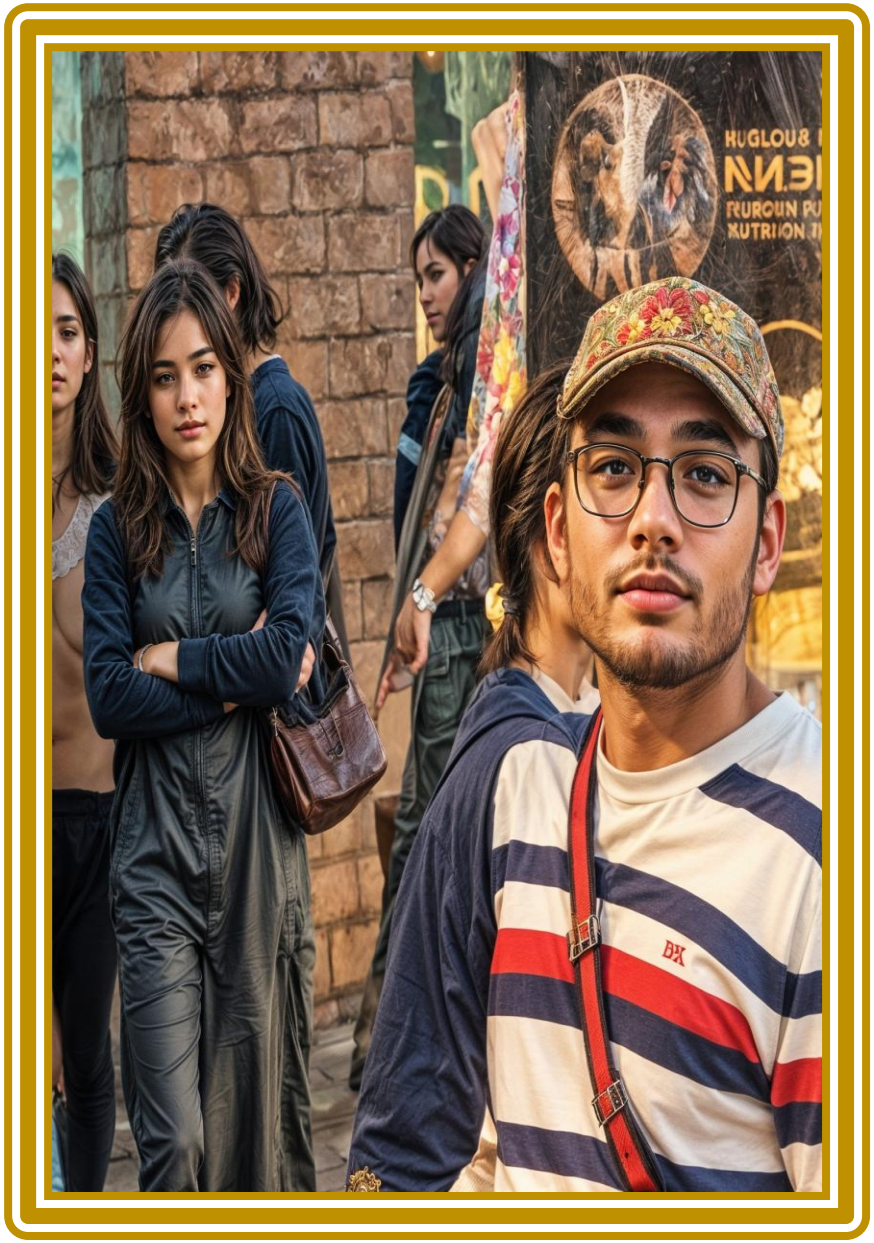
subjected to harsh treatment, including detention and physical abuse, all while being extorted for money or subjected to humiliating conditions.

This is particularly true for those who lack financial resources, as they may be seen as easy targets for exploitation.

The emotional toll of such experiences can be overwhelming, and it's not surprising that some might react with anger towards those they perceive as representatives of a system that has wronged them.

The cycle of frustration and resentment can easily spiral, leading to a breakdown in civility and understanding, which only perpetuates the cycle of hostility and injustice.

The moment the agent spotted me, he



erupted with an uncomfortable volume that echoed through the bustling El Grande lobby. "What did you do last year in the capital?" he demanded, his voice cutting through the ambient chatter.

"If you weren't such a close friend of my dear friend Sheddie, I would have had no choice but to hand you over to the embassy security. At the very least, I would have summoned them to escort you away and claim my reward!"

His words hung in the air, a mix of accusation and veiled threat, leaving me acutely aware of the eyes around us, all drawn to this unexpected confrontation.

The tension was palpable, and I could feel the weight of his scrutiny as I tried

to navigate the precarious situation, knowing that my connection to Sheddie was the only thing standing between me and a far more serious predicament.

I attempted to clarify that the story I was sharing was meant to be humorous, a lighthearted take on events that the official accounts had blown out of proportion.

However, he quickly reminded me that those in authority often lack a sense of humor, which made my explanation feel futile.

With a smirk, he added, *"I should be charging you a lot more for this! But Sheddie mentioned that you're both poor and a bit unhinged—so unhinged, in fact, that you might just*

resort to kidnapping and eating my dog!"

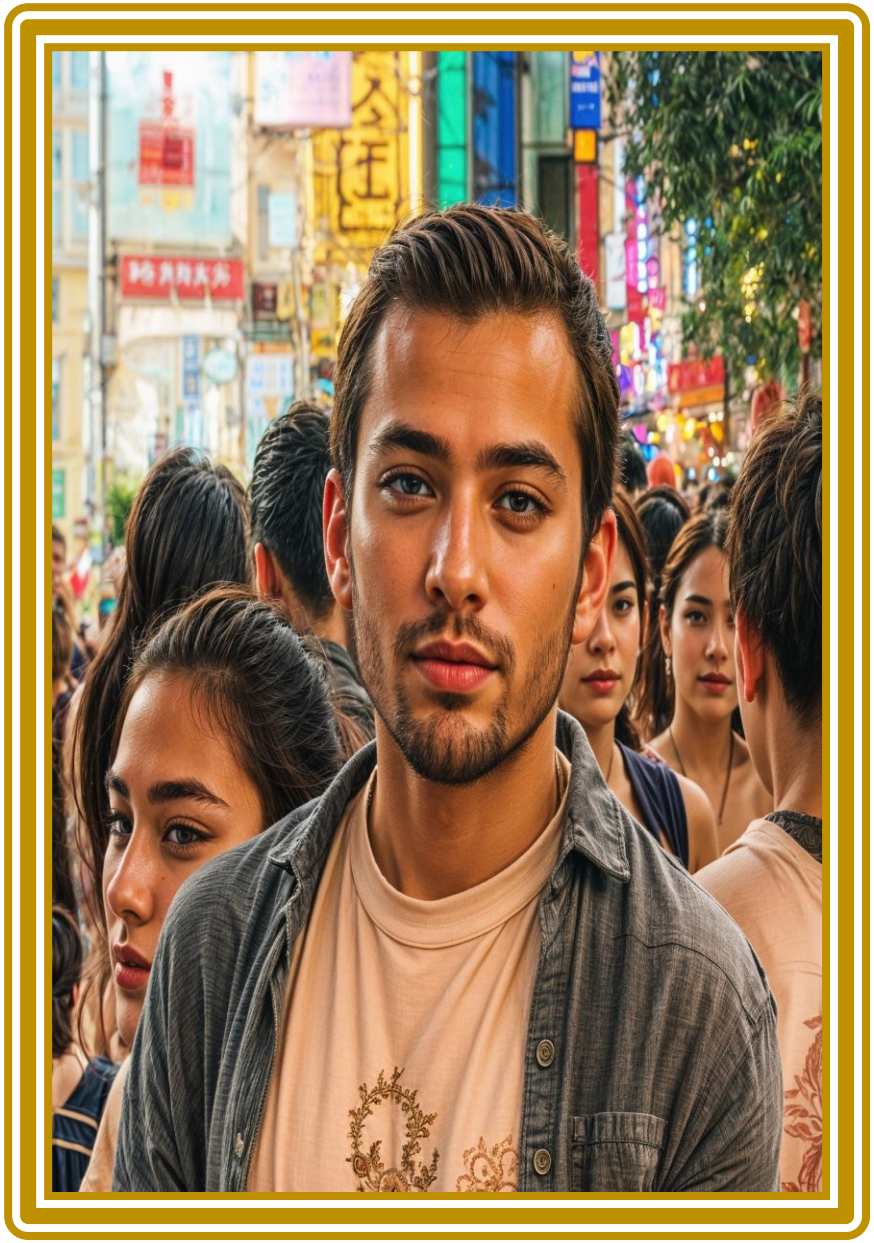
His words hung in the air, a mix of jest and accusation, leaving me to ponder the absurdity of the situation while trying to defend my integrity and the lighthearted nature of my narrative.

"You have a dog??? UHMM!"

The agent abruptly handed over my transit papers, his demeanor shifting dramatically as he declared, *"Good day, Sir!"* before storming off, leaving behind a whirlwind of tension and, I suspect, wounded pride.

It was baffling to me; my lighthearted comment about his dog being a potential meal was meant purely in jest, a playful jab that I thought would elicit a chuckle rather than a scowl.

Yet, it seems that humor can be a delicate thing, easily misinterpreted, especially in a professional setting where emotions can run high.
Some individuals, it appears, are unable to appreciate the lighter side of life, taking offense where none was intended.
This encounter serves as a reminder of the complexities of communication and the importance of understanding one another's boundaries, particularly when humor is involved.
The act of departing often holds more allure than the anticipation of arrival, a sentiment rooted in the principles of the Hobo Creed.
This philosophy suggests that the burdens of life diminish significantly



once you've traveled a considerable distance, such as a hundred miles from your starting point.
The freedom that comes with leaving behind familiar surroundings allows for a lighter mindset, as the worries and responsibilities tied to a specific place begin to fade.
In this way, the journey itself becomes a liberating experience, offering a chance to shed the weight of daily concerns and embrace the unknown.
The thrill of exploration and the promise of new experiences can overshadow the anxiety that often accompanies the arrival at a destination, making the process of leaving not just a necessity, but a celebration of freedom and possibility.

The experience at El Grande, complemented by its exceptional staff, was truly remarkable.
Despite my deep-rooted connection to the cherished Hobo Code of my generation, I found myself envisioning a different reality—one where I was wandering through the rugged landscapes of the Western Borderlands.
In this vast, desolate desert, I could almost feel the anticipation building within me as I pondered what cinematic gem awaited us for Movie Night back at the beloved El Grande. The thought of gathering with fellow enthusiasts, sharing laughter and excitement over a film, made the wilds feel a little less lonely and a lot more

inviting.

As the sun rose on a new day, the anticipation of crossing the border was overshadowed by the reality of a long night spent on a bus.

What was meant to be a straightforward journey quickly devolved into a day filled with frustration and monotony, as we found ourselves waiting indefinitely to get across.

The ferry, which was supposed to facilitate our passage, broke down mid-journey, leaving us stranded while repairs were made according to the local schedule.

This meant, as I was bluntly informed by several locals who shared my plight, that we could be stuck here for an

extended period.
The combination of uncertainty and the slow passage of time only heightened the sense of disappointment, transforming what should have been a simple crossing into an exercise in patience and endurance.
I can imagine you're thinking that if I had opted for the standard tourist shuttle, the process would have been straightforward.
All it would have taken was to hop back into the government-provided land cruiser, travel approximately 50 kilometers upstream, and cross over at the International Bridge of Corporation.
It seems like a simple solution, a quick way to wrap up the journey without any complications.

However, the reality of the situation is often more nuanced than it appears at first glance.

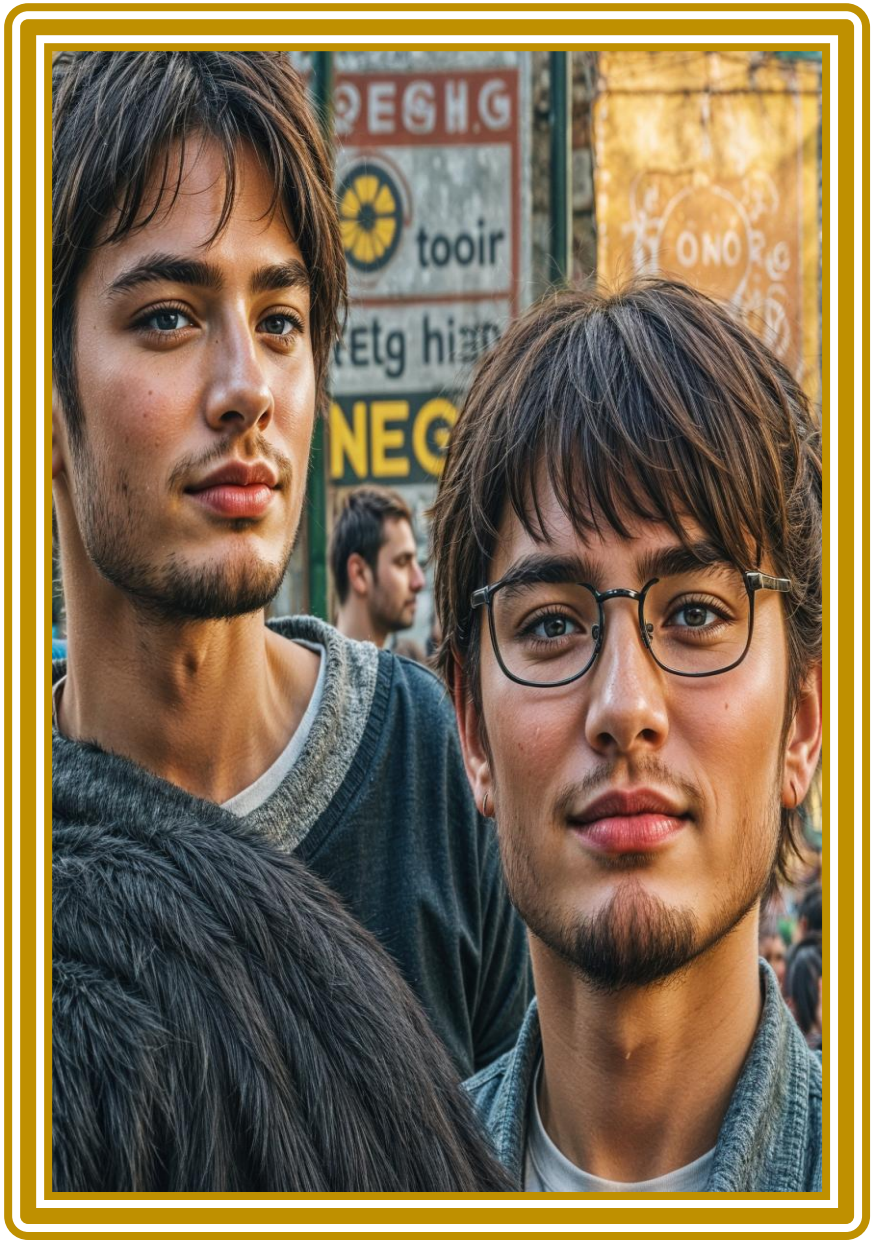
The allure of the scenic route, the unexpected encounters, and the rich experiences that come from veering off the beaten path can often outweigh the convenience of a direct return.

Embracing the adventure, despite its challenges, can lead to a deeper understanding of the landscape and culture, making the journey far more rewarding than simply reaching the destination.

I appreciate your concern, but I really don't need to revisit the *"What could have...should have..."* scenario.

It's important to understand that I'm

consciously choosing not to delve into the multitude of reasons why that approach would be less than ideal.
The urgency of the situation cannot be overstated; crossing here is essential because Mr. Chin, whose name I've altered for privacy, is waiting with crucial contacts.
This meeting is not just a formality; it holds significant implications for our next steps.
Therefore, I urge you to recognize the importance of this moment and the necessity of proceeding without hesitation.
I could feel his gaze fixed on me from across the river, a stark reminder that I was the only foreigner present on this particular day.



The weight of the situation pressed heavily on my shoulders; if I chose to turn and walk away now, the entire deal would collapse.

I had been warned repeatedly about the strict policy in place—there would be no refunds or exchanges if I failed to meet him at the designated contact time.

The stakes were high, and the consequences of inaction loomed large, making it clear that I had to stay put and see this through.

The tension in the air was palpable, and I knew that every moment counted in this delicate negotiation.

As I stand among a diverse crowd of local farmers, traders, and undoubtedly a few unsavory characters like bandits

or cigarette smugglers, I find myself immersed in a unique experience.
My time spent on the Hobo Trail has taught me that when the concept of time loses its significance, it opens up a vast expanse for observation and reflection.
In this bustling sea of humanity, I am surrounded by a rich tapestry of lives and stories, each person contributing to the vibrant atmosphere that envelops me.
The interactions and exchanges that occur in this lively setting offer a profound insight into the resilience and spirit of the people who inhabit this world, reminding me that even in the most chaotic environments, there is beauty to be found in the shared

human experience.
In a striking illustration of Hobo Theory, the breakdown of the ferry unexpectedly allowed me to encounter a young woman from the Army Truck, who was trapped in the same predicament as the rest of us. Observing a female military police officer in this remote area was a rarity, and even from a distance, it became evident that she exhibited a different demeanor compared to her colleagues back in the capital—those who were often preoccupied with their own distractions and bureaucratic concerns. What truly captivated me was her calmness; unlike others who might have been frantically pacing along the riverbank or venting their frustrations at

the ferry crew for their apparent lack of urgency, she appeared to accept the situation with a sense of resignation that mirrored our own.

This shared understanding sparked a desire within me to engage her in conversation, as she seemed like a unique gem amidst the chaos, embodying a blend of resilience and composure that was both refreshing and intriguing.

The instinctive wisdom of a seasoned Hobo Drifter held me back from acting on my impulse; the last thing I wanted was to attract the attention of a no-nonsense military police officer, who might question my intentions for engaging in a seemingly innocuous conversation.

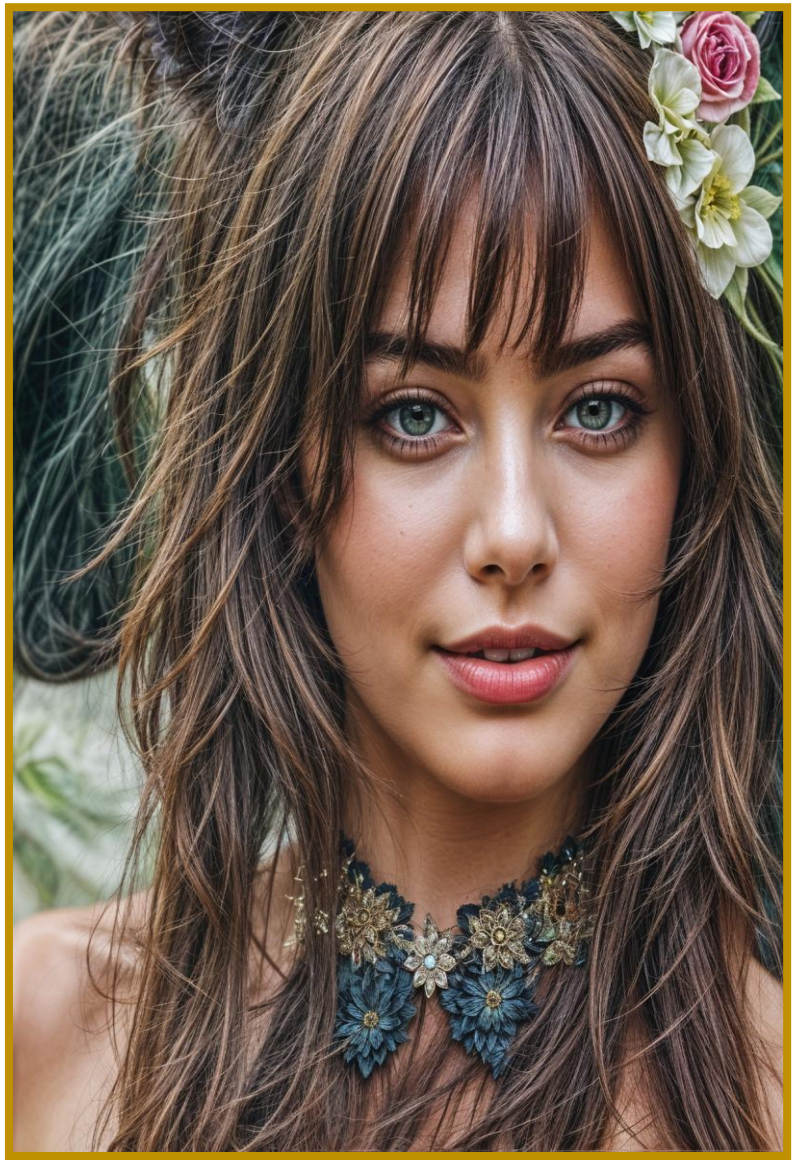
I quickly recognized that such an interaction could spark her curiosity about what a foreign troublemaker like me was doing under her watchful eye. My finely-tuned hobo instincts warned me that this encounter was unlikely to end favorably.

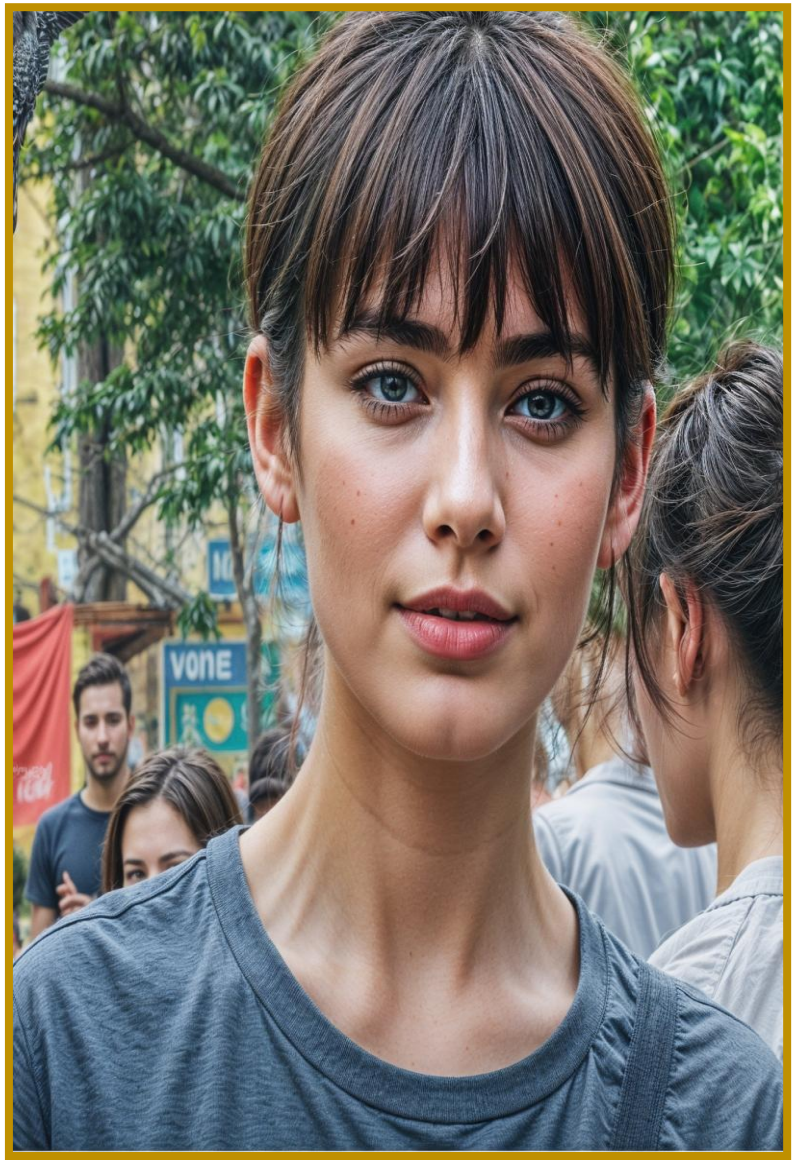
With that thought in mind, I redirected my gaze towards the ferry, silently hoping it would roar back to life before she decided to take a closer look at me and my dubious presence.

As night descended, the ferry was finally repaired, and after docking on the far side of the border, I underwent a thorough inspection.

The officials scrutinized me, prodding and testing for any signs of plague, treating me with a level of disrespect

that felt almost routine.
After enduring the process of being stamped and cleared, I was granted passage into the heart of the empire. With Mr. Chin at the wheel, we quickly distanced ourselves from the border, the miles rolling away beneath us. As he navigated the darkened roads with a vigilant eye for police checkpoints, I began to feel a sense of security wash over me, allowing me to relax and eventually doze off, trusting in his careful driving as we sped into the night.

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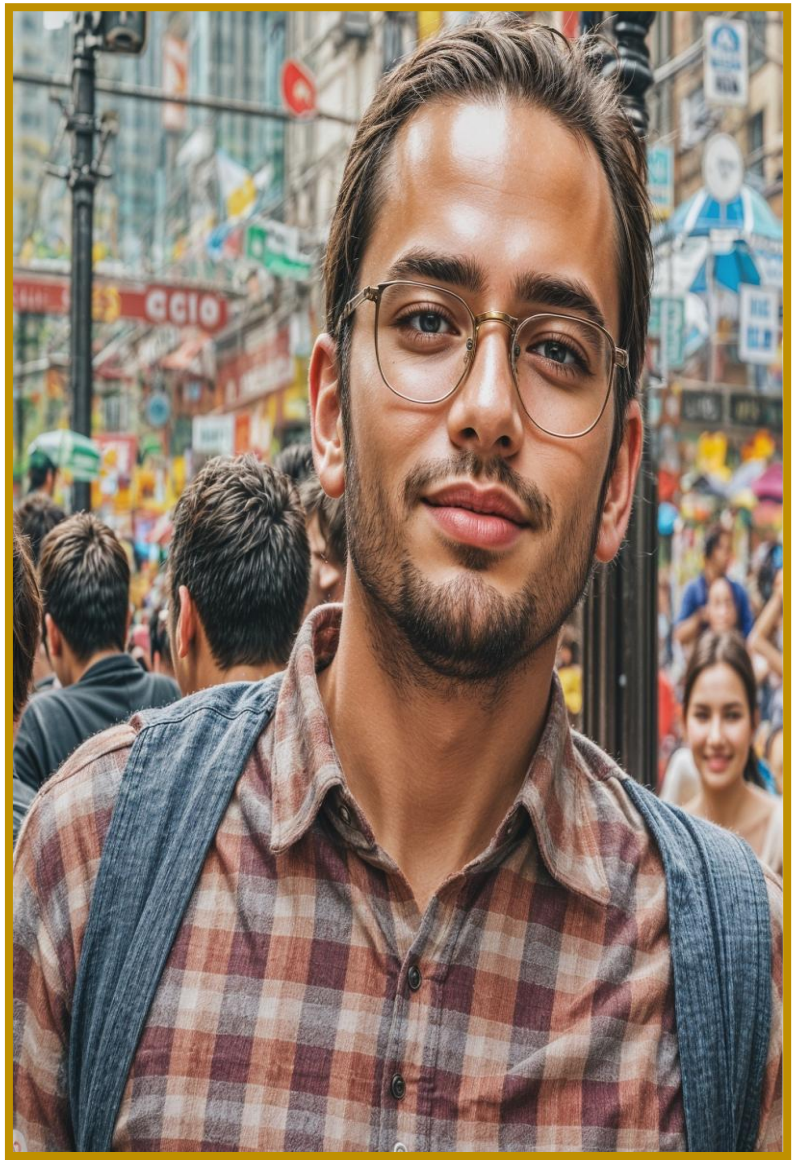

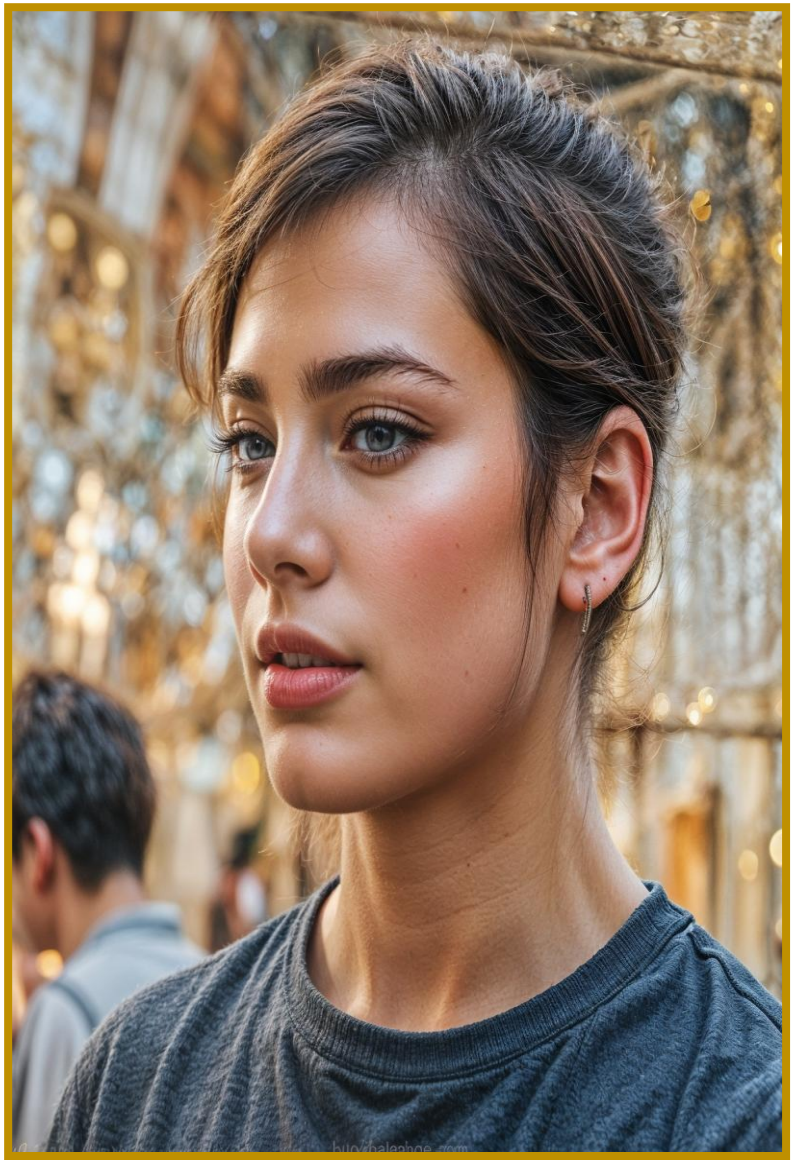

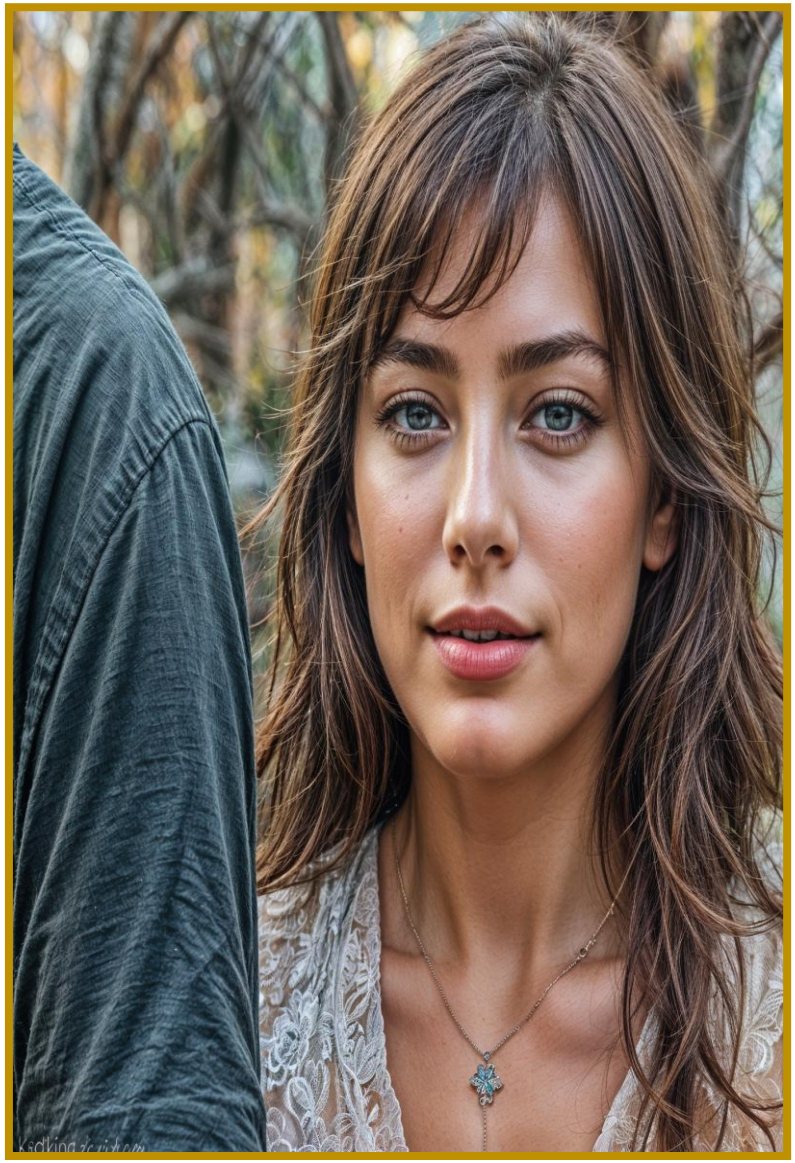

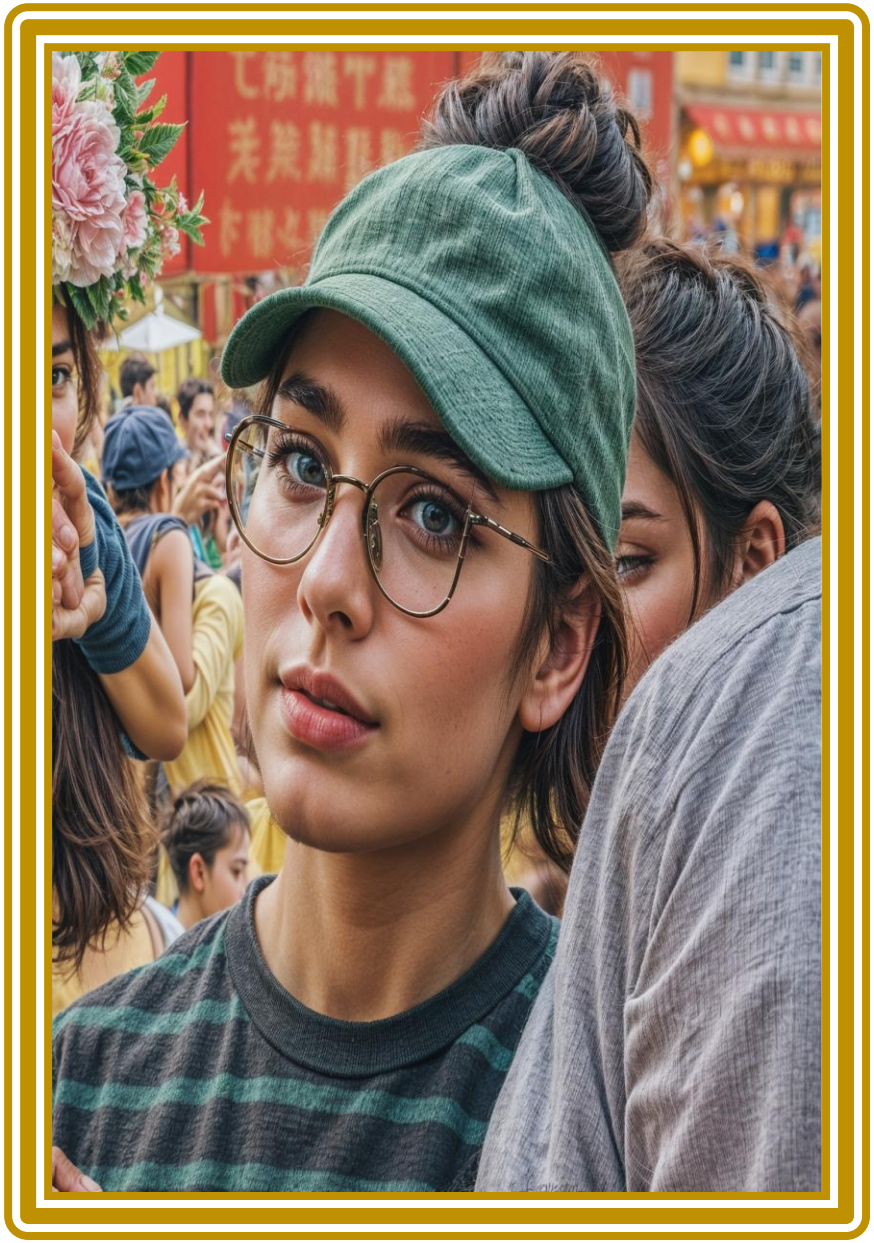

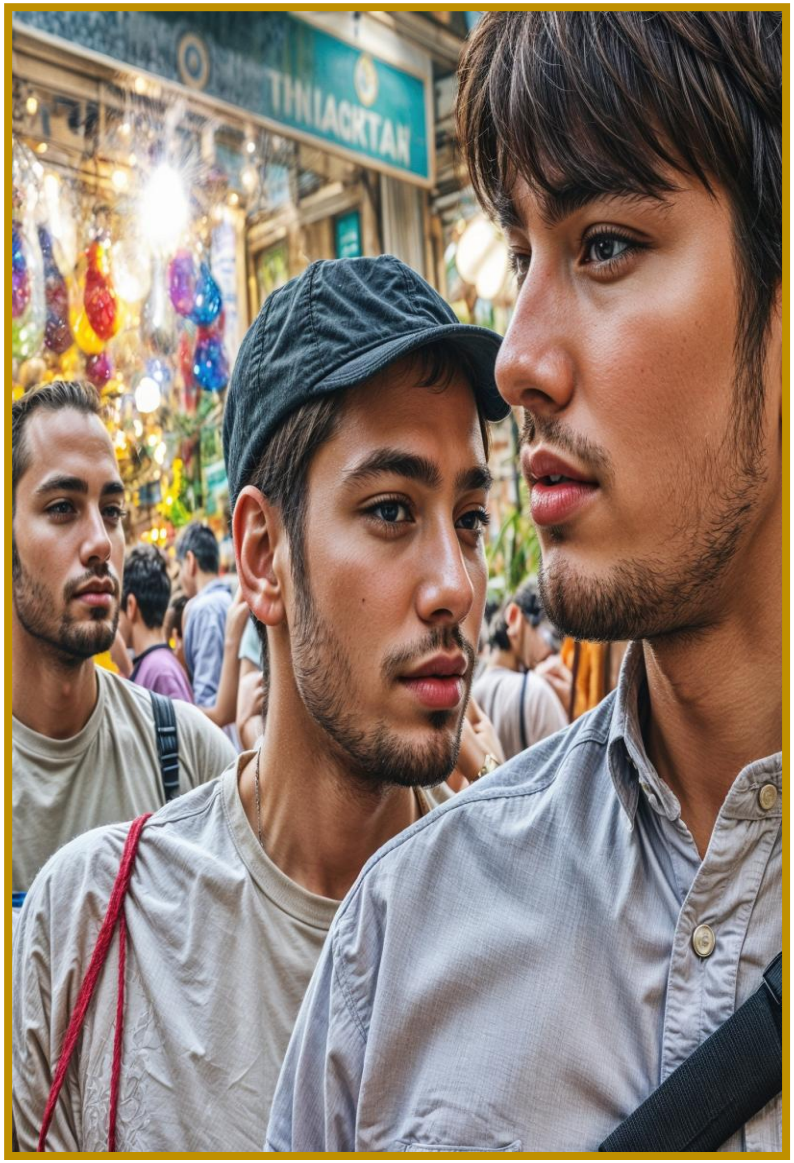
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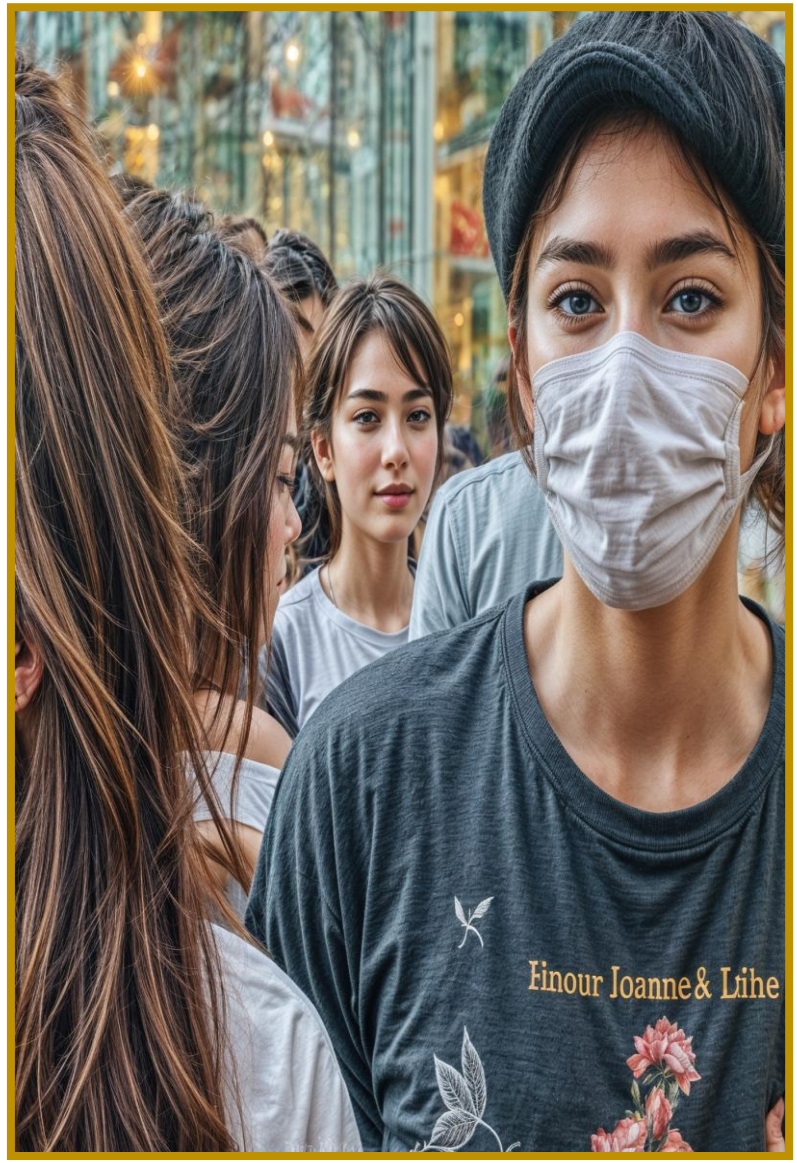
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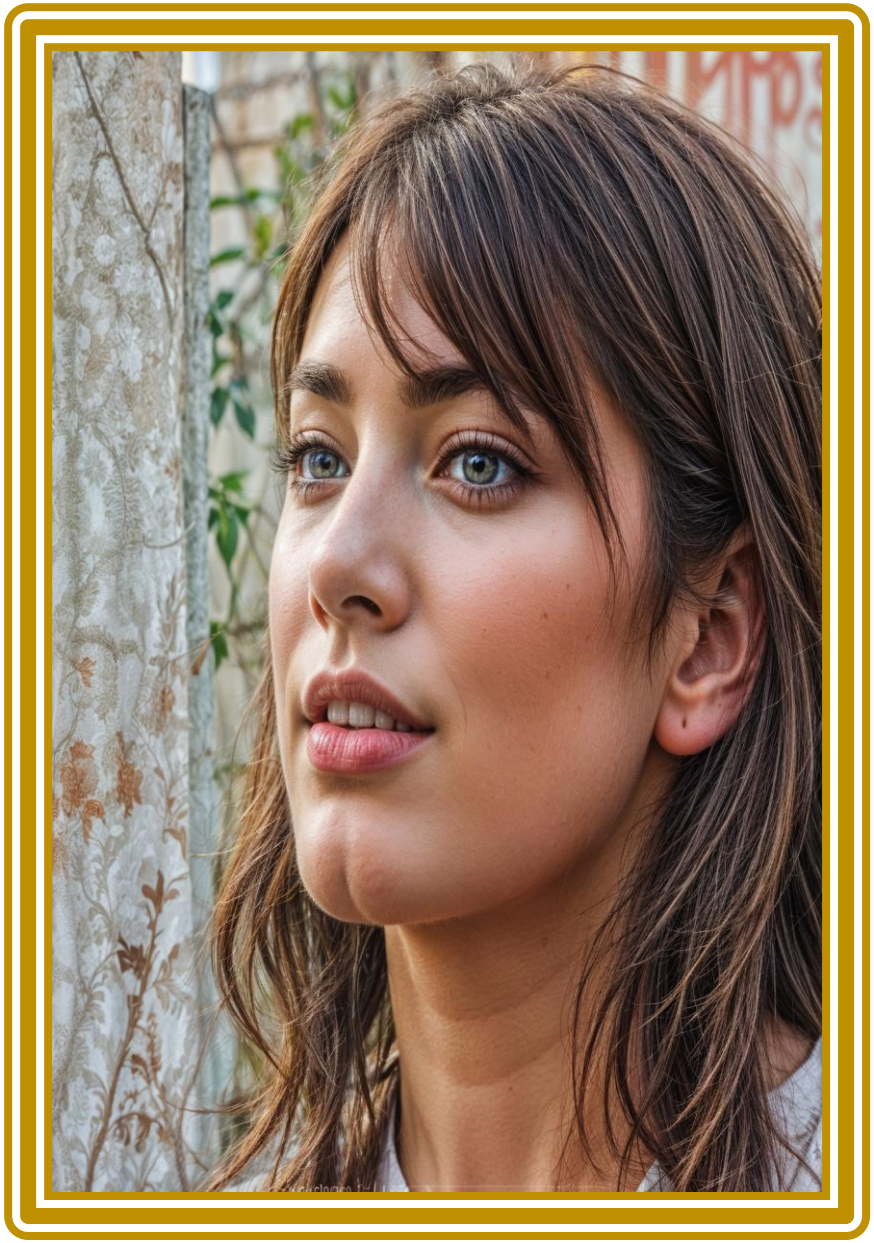

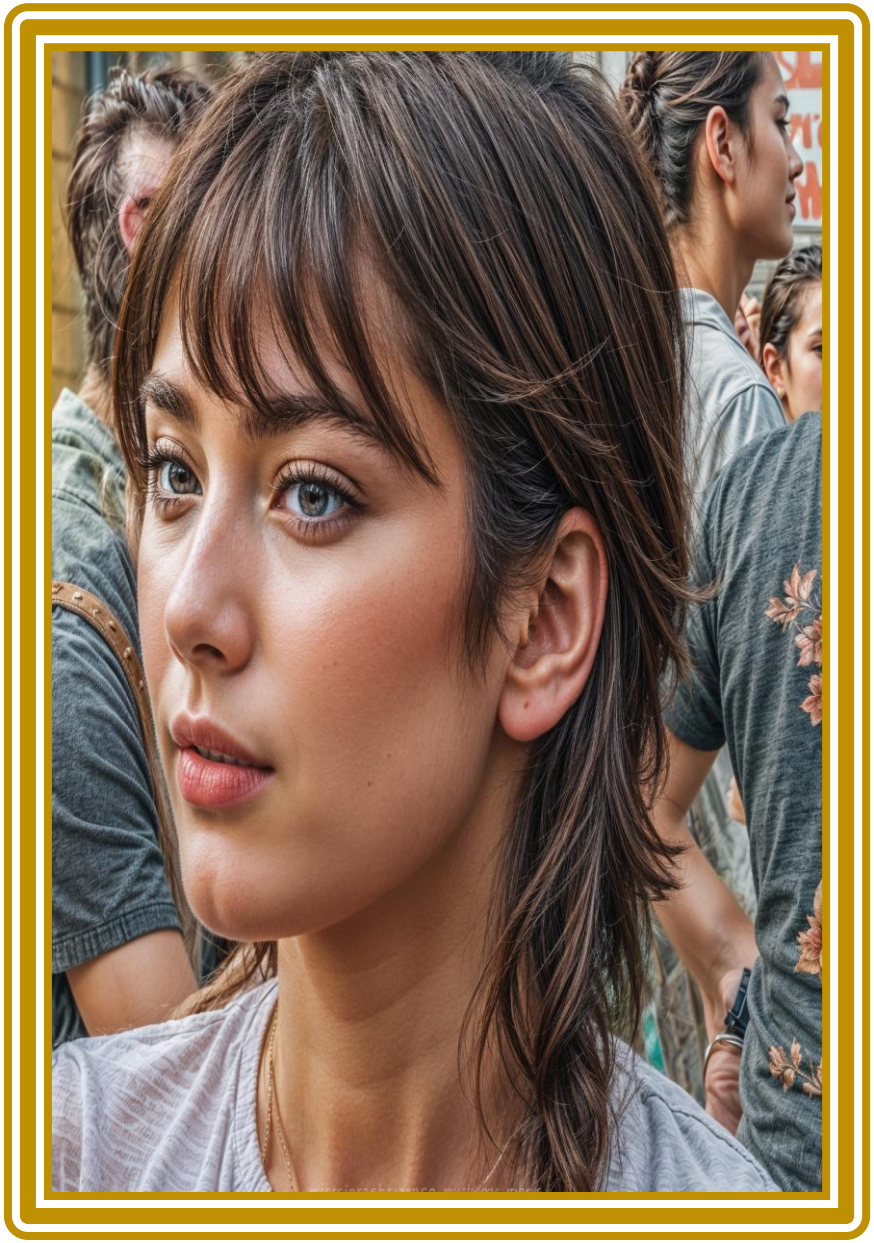

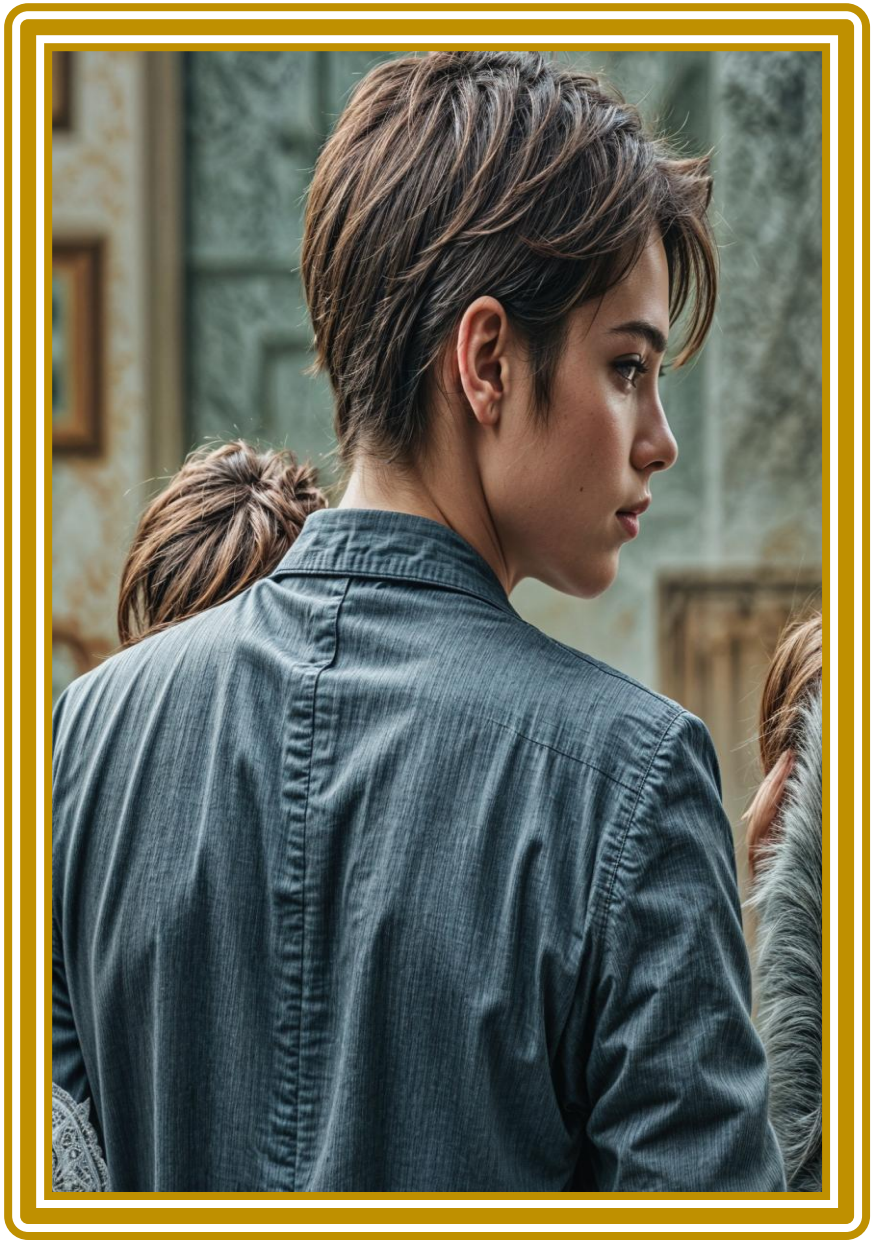

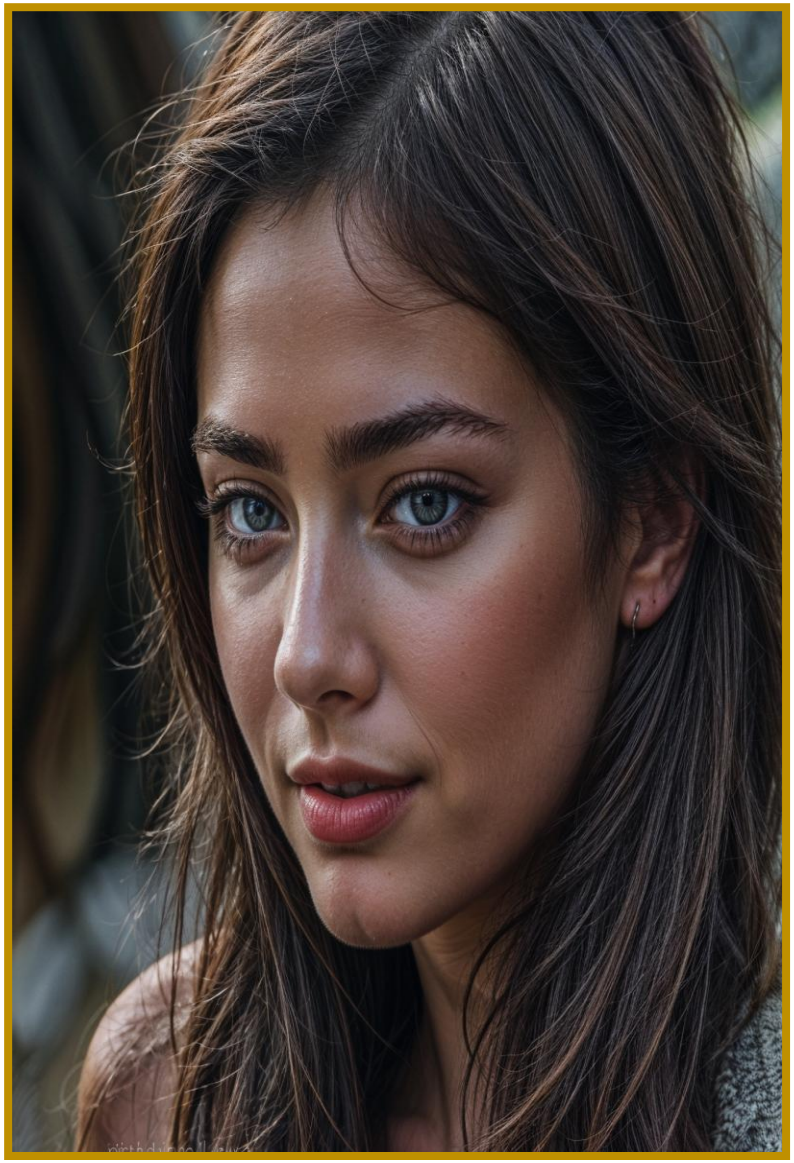

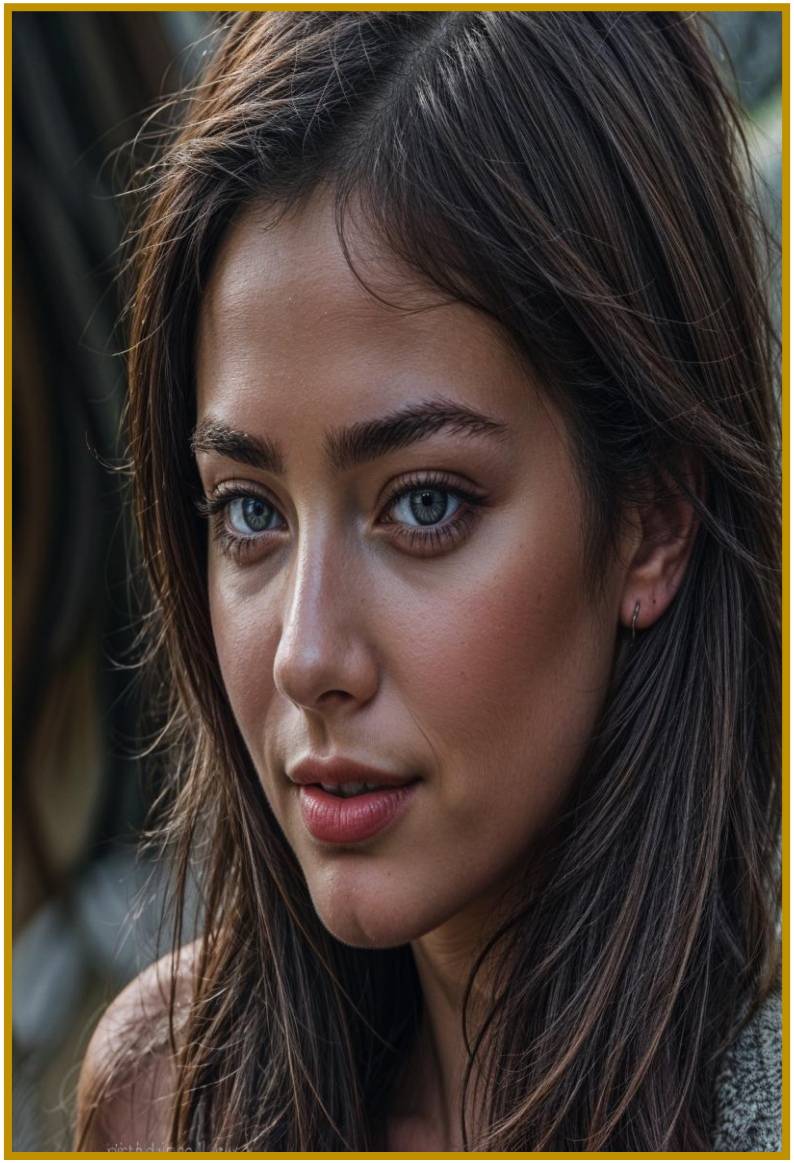

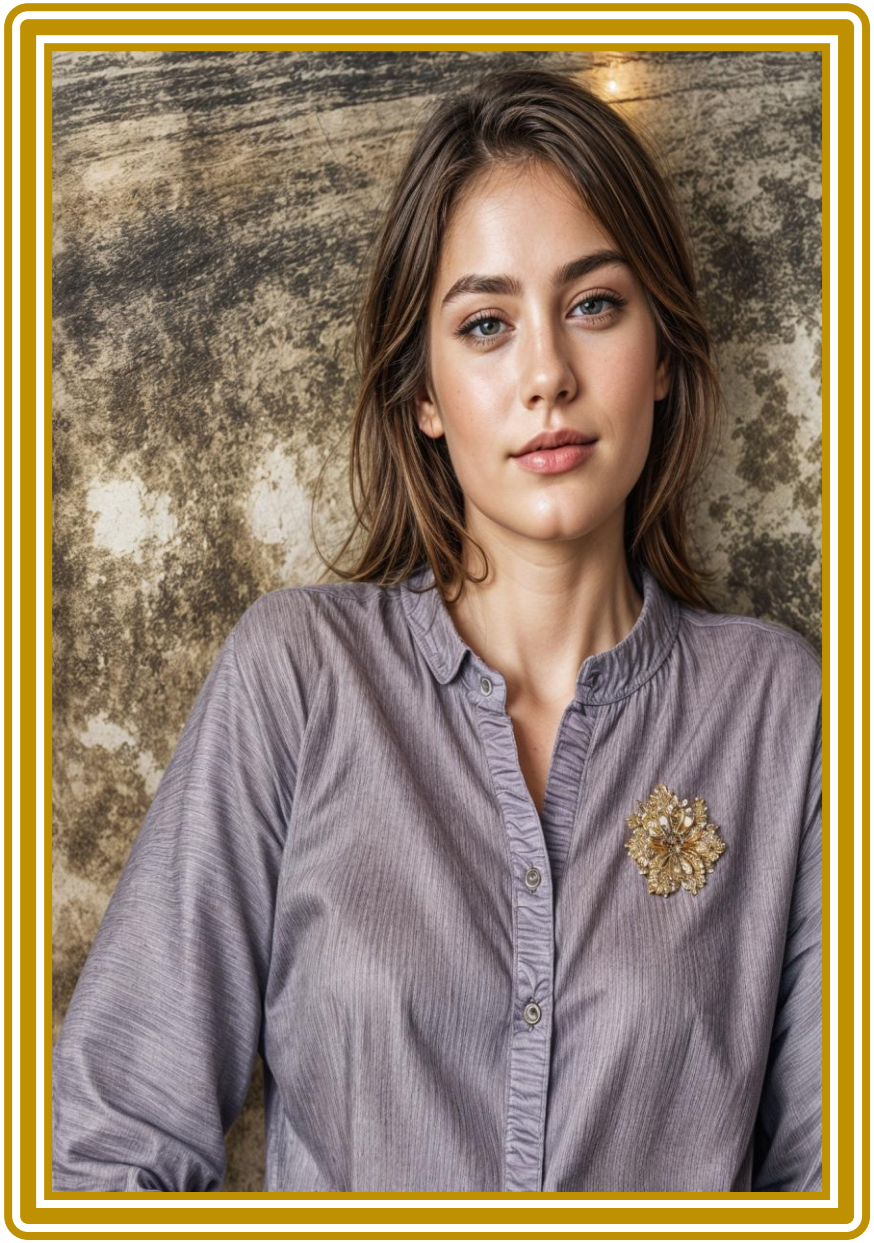

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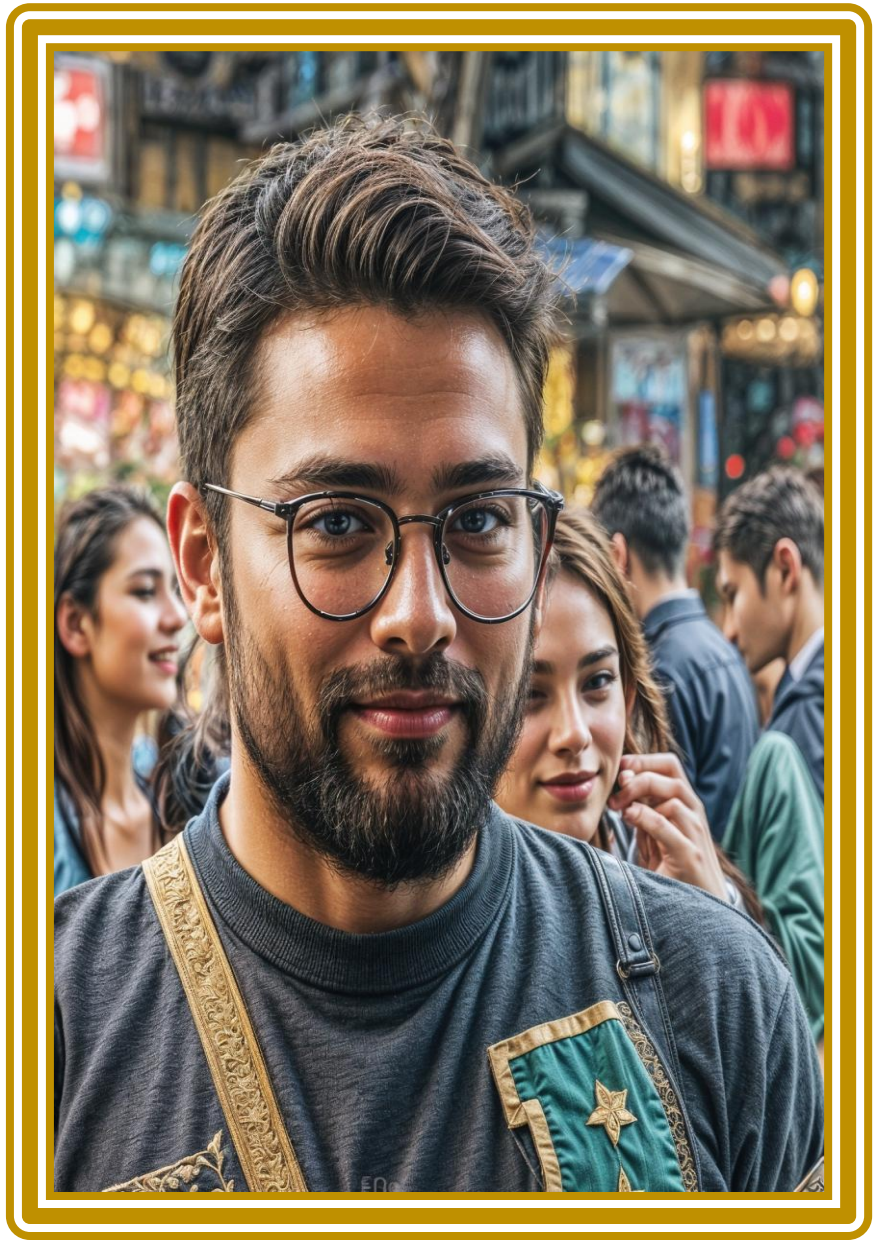

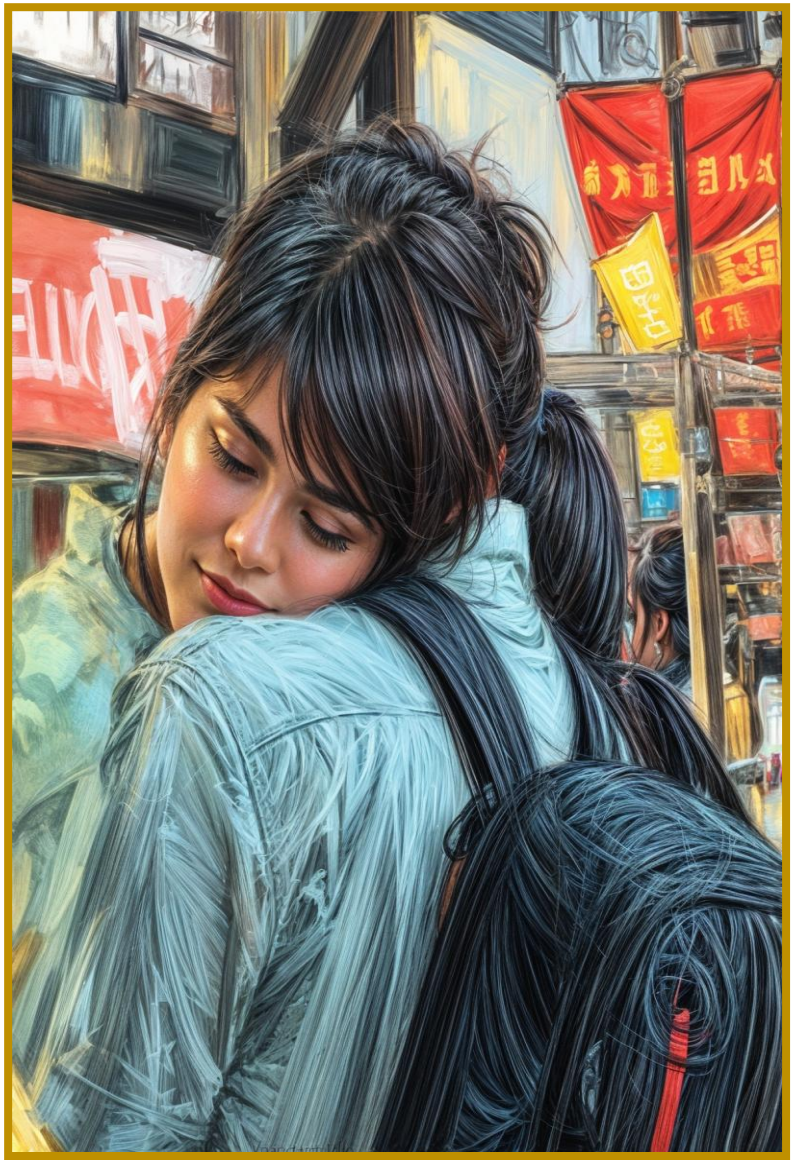

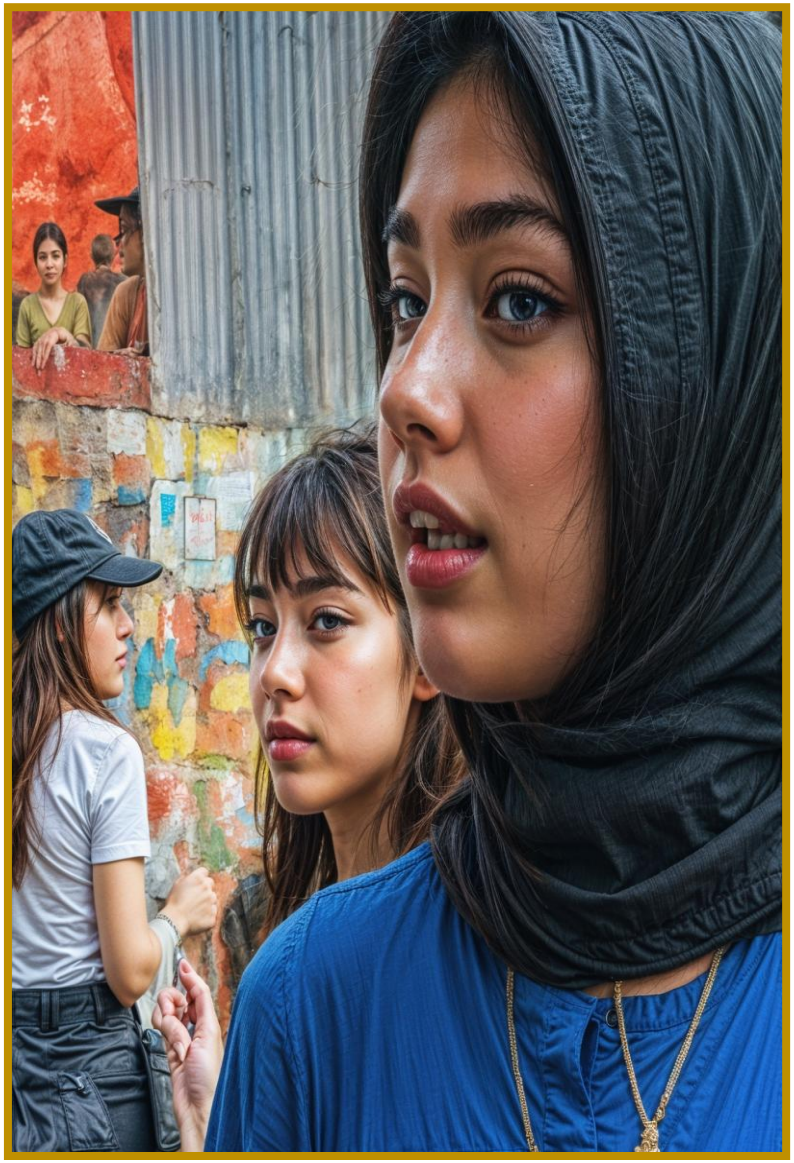

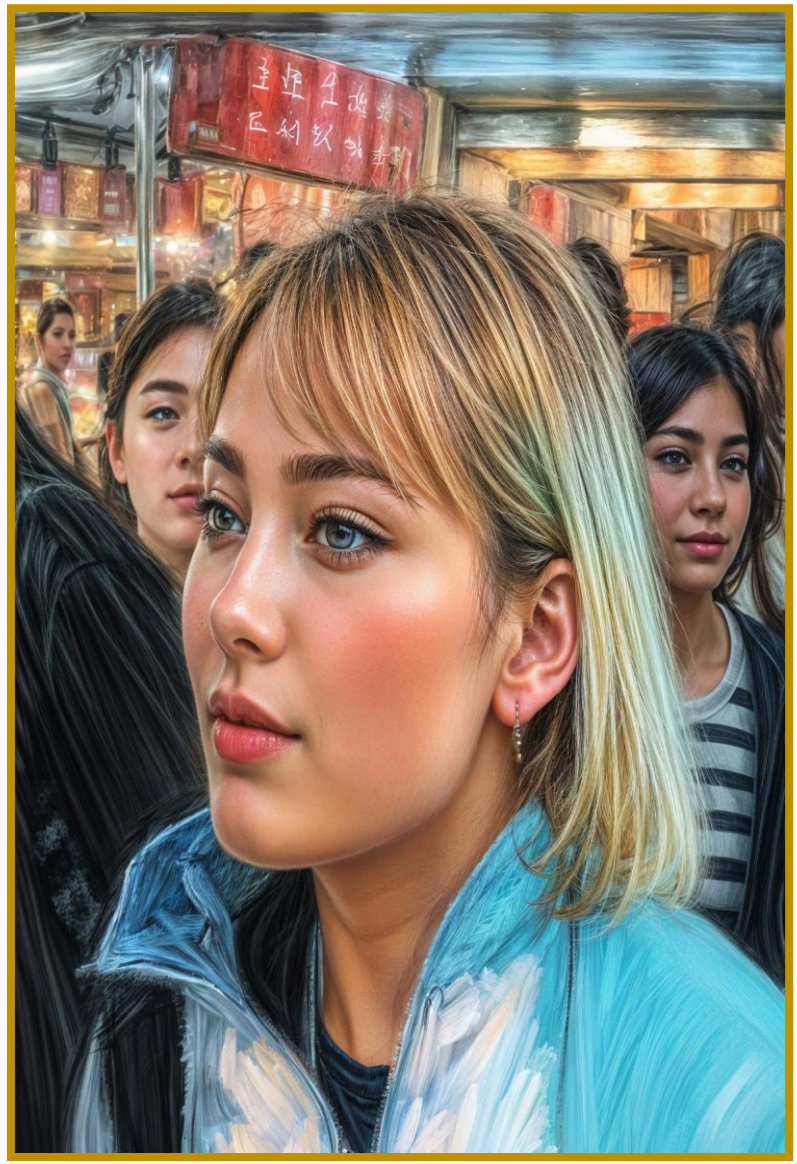

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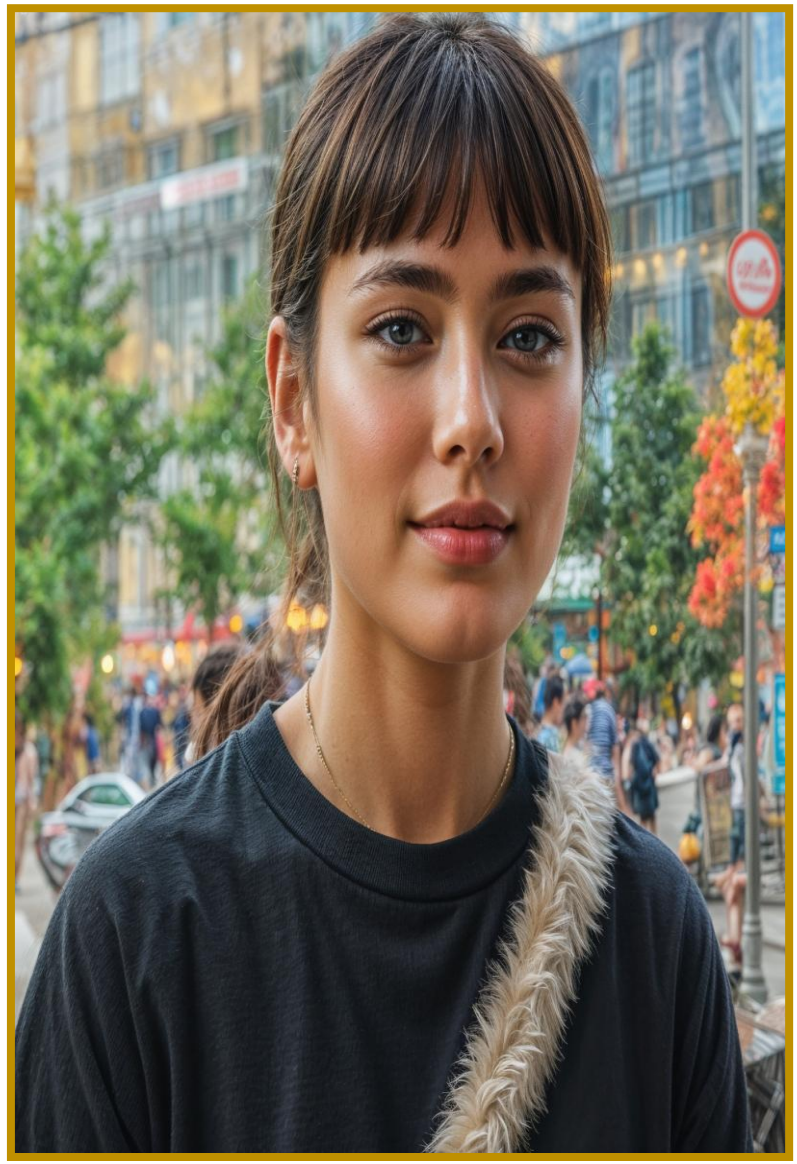

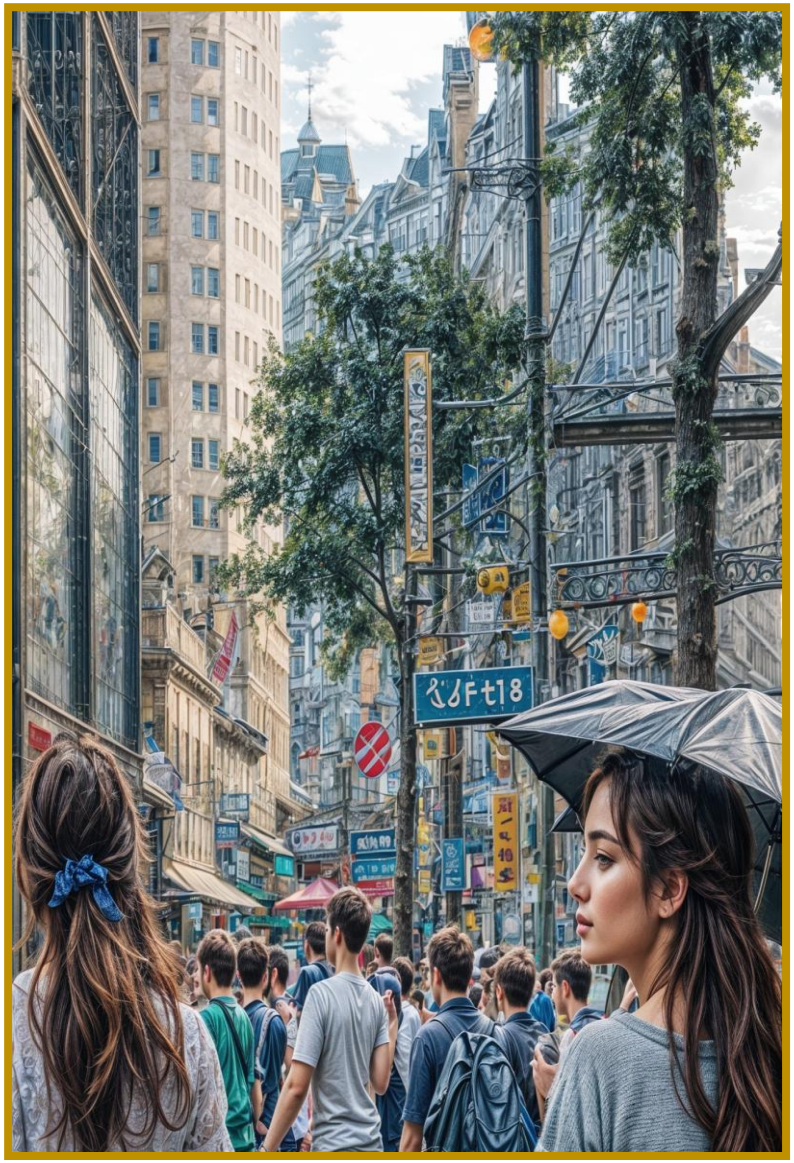

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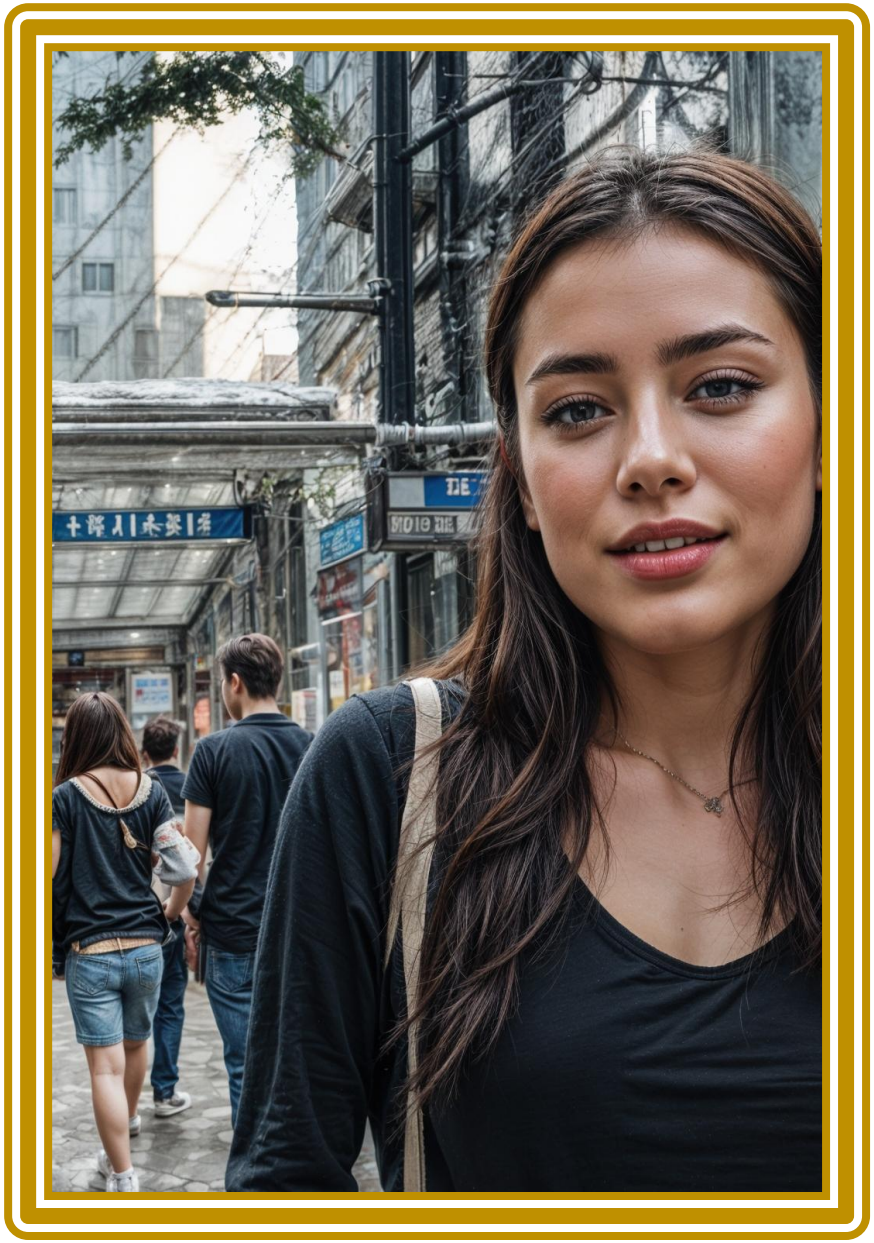

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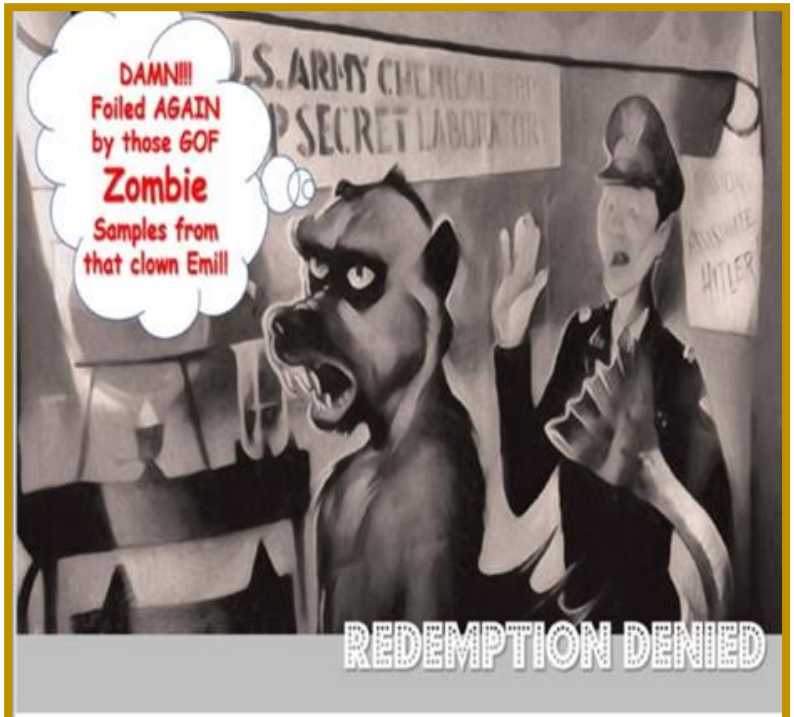

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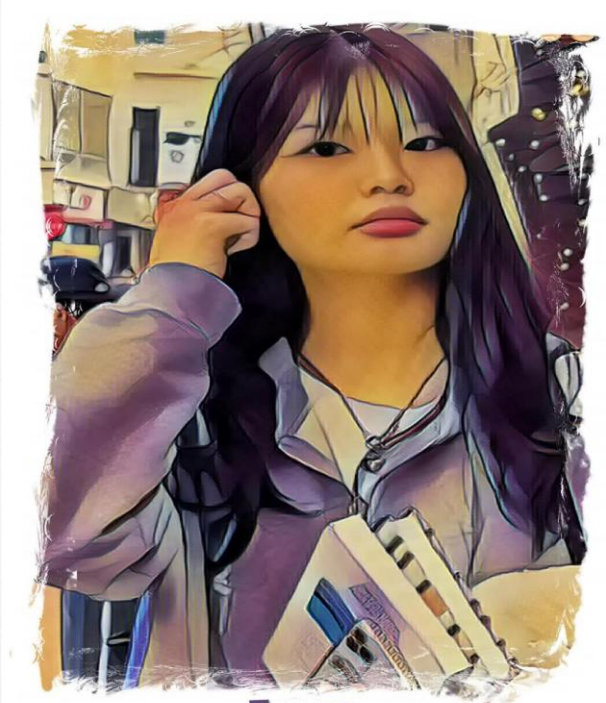

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